

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 8, No. 14

{ The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors. }  
Office—No. 2 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 378  
Per Annum (in advance), \$9.

## Around Town.

There should be some provision made by the city for the support of the next of kin to those who die in the city's service. A policeman who is killed while defending the property of a citizen should not have his wife or mother or his motherless children left without means of support. A wife is not the only one a generous man takes care of while he is alive; I have known hundreds of men who have stayed single always that their earnings might be concentrated upon sisters or brothers' children. I hold it to be necessary in order to obtain the services of good men that a sum of say two hundred dollars per annum be set apart by the city to pay the widow, the mother or children of those who perish in the city's behalf. I think those entering the civil service in such perilous departments as the fire and police should have the option of saying to whom a certain annuity should go in case of death caused directly by fighting the city's battles, either with flame or foe. It should not be the purpose of such a by-law to render anyone free from a certain amount of responsibility for self-maintenance, but should two hundred dollars per annum be paid to a beneficiary selected by the employee in a dangerous department and accepted by the city, the whole question of grants would be wiped away. The wife, mother or dependants of the chief of police should receive no more than the most humble fireman or policeman, and it should not be possible for anyone to divert this fund from the proper persons to whom in all propriety and consanguinity it should belong. If two hundred dollars is considered too much, make it a hundred and fifty or one hundred, but fix it so that hereafter there shall be no dispute about the matter. If Fireman Bowers' mother is left without any means of support it will be a scandal and a shame to the city of Toronto. She should be given at least a hundred dollars a year. We cannot get good men if we disregard all the ties which bind men to their loved ones.

Nothing which might seem to be of a political nature is more painful to me than to make an attack upon the Education Department of Ontario. I admire the Minister of Education because he is the most able and well equipped speaker in Canada, and there is no harder worker in the public service in the whole Dominion. On the platform he is most effective, because both in manner and in method, and in the careful compilation of what he says, every word and sentence has a meaning and weight which cannot be disregarded by any critic, friendly or otherwise. As Minister of Education I am beginning to doubt whether this oratorical prodigy has developed, or is developing, that peculiar fitness for the position necessary to success or to be tolerated in this province. The decadence of Upper Canada College, the insupportable condition of the professorships and management of the University, and the still greater and more crying scandal of the school books—a point against which he is forced to rub almost every day—make it necessary for Hon. Mr. Ross to revise his code or abandon his post.

It would involve too lengthy an article to enter at length into the Upper Canada College mess, for it is nothing but a mess. The University situation is before the people, and all the coercionists of the Government and the University Senate are trying to prod parents into forcing their sons and daughters into attending lectures, to the utter disregard of student opinion. There is nothing that to me seems so mistaken as the use of this weapon. Socially we all yield to the conventionalities established by the majority. If we disregard them we are marked for life, and only genius or the most extraordinary success can exempt us from the penalty of making ourselves singular. In student life it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to ask a young man or a young woman to become a unit as against the whole mass of a student body. If such a position be chosen voluntarily, well enough, but if it be forced upon one the gorge rises most certainly and a hatred of parental or other authority grows in proportion to the opposition and conspicuousness into which such a student is placed. A parent is a born fool, or a fool created by false advice, who forces a son or daughter into such a worrying condition of antagonism to all the individual likes, socially and conventionally. Education is not worth a cent if it is to be obtained by forcing a youngster into a position of isolation and contempt.

There is nothing that has so sickened me in this whole controversy as the position of the *World*. By editorial, cartoon and comment this paper seems to have suggested to the students that there is no course open to them except being presided over by inefficient and absolutely incompetent professors in many of the departments. Its idea seems to be that the student is a half-hatched egg that has no right to an opinion. It also asserts the idea that Papa and Mamma are supporting the majority of students. While parents are no doubt making great sacrifices to put their children through the University, the fact remains that a great many of the young people are paying the shot themselves. I have gone through the mill myself educationally and I know that it took years of teaching in a country schoolhouse to provide me with means to take even a portion of a college course, and I think my class-mates will admit that in my poverty I always fought with the crowd when the professors did what was unbecomely or to the great majority of those who were learning was considered improper. What does it matter

to a man whether he gets his degree or not? Can this question be asked in regard to whether a man or woman does what is right by his or her class-mates in regard to his or her own self-respect? No man can toy with either and be respected by those with whom he sits in lectures or lived in residence or lodging-house. President Loudon and his set of politico-educational supporters seem to have entirely disregarded the manly and evolutionary phase of student life. To those of us who have passed through such a period the question divests itself of politics and all those controversial features which are certain to involve everyone implicated in destructive side issues. In managing students and in discussing their affairs there should be nothing of controversy or coercion; the whole idea is to lead them, and to make this possible they must be given proper leaders. For some queer reason sheep will follow a goat, but nothing on earth will make them

pun of saying it is entirely in consonance with what we might expect of "hire" people. It is a hired-man policy, utterly devoid of all the graciousness and superiority of educated gentlemen. This seems to me to be the turning point in the career of the Minister of Education. If he cannot handle this matter he is a ruined man, and let it not be forgotten that if this crisis is not seized in a different spirit the administration to which he belongs will be a ruined government. It is easy to bulldoze license holders and to coerce the ignorant and distant sections of the province, but when Sir Oliver Mowat tries it amongst the students in the center and heart of the thought and the emotion of the province, he is exercising his rude and improper methods in a community that will recognize and denounce him. The educational system of this country was not built up by him nor by Hon. G. W. Ross. Sir Mowat and his following have taken advan-

Education Department. It makes me laugh to hear this talk of "discipline;" we must have "discipline." As if "discipline" was everything! The boy growing into a man needs discipline all right enough, but he cannot be fed on it. Only those who are no good can be coerced by any such cry. There is a great big world in front of the students, and if they cannot do one thing they can do another; but there is one thing they cannot do, and that is, live without the respect of their fellow-student, or their fellow-man, or their fellow-woman—and let them remember this.

If the individuals who make up a community were one-tenth part as much concerned about the public good as they are in furthering their own private interests or indulging in unimportant preferences, governments of all kinds would be simplified and purified to an incredible extent. These rather heavy remarks are

with five dogs and only one cow. By hitching up the cow and a mule and making the "old woman" do the ploughing, the owner of the five dogs was able to have a reasonably good time and find congenial companionship. It was worth a man's suit of clothes, if not his life, to approach a cabin where these yelping curs guarded the interests and exclusiveness of their master. Amongst the Indians of the South-west I have often passed through a village where the dogs would almost tear me off my horse. I never could conceive just why a man or woman should desire to spend a portion of his or her life in ministering to the wants of a dog. In a semi savage state people always like to have something or somebody that they can beat or cause to bite somebody else, but how in a city the pleasures of life could be added to by the presence of an animal that, though faithful, is sometimes forgetful, I never could conceive.

It was remarked by an alderman who was present when the deputation visited the City Hall that all, or nearly all, of those he recognized were childless. Perhaps this accounts for the demand that the special dog upon which they are lavishing their affections should have privileges for which tax-payers are expected to settle. Possibly they feel that they are getting no use of the public schools and, having no progeny that can wear out the sidewalks, that they can only get even by letting their dog run at large and enjoy the wide possibilities of the said dog getting even with other people's children. The *Star*, sensible on most things, is greatly shocked by the small-mindedness of the aldermen who passed and intend to enforce the dog by-law. It is making itself supremely ridiculous, for there is not a large and civilized city with which any traveler is acquainted that has not already enforced as rigorous, if not more rigorous, regulations. There is nothing cruel about making a dog wear a muzzle or its owner wear a string that is tied to the dog, inasmuch as there is no statute in existence forcing anybody to own or maintain a dog. If a person had to keep a dog it might be harsh to increase the difficulty of maintaining the animal, but a dog, like a meerschaum pipe, is a luxury, and it must not be forgotten that regulations have been made preventing the man with the pipe from smoking it where it will be disagreeable to other people. The same holds true with regard to the dog. As I have said before, in Germany and Holland and Switzerland, where dogs are very useful beasts of burden, where they draw the bread-carts and occupy the same relation to the peddler and the peasant as the horse does in Canada, they are all muzzled and must be attached to the body of someone fit to be in charge.

I can remember once, when teaching school in a small town, a by-law was proposed prohibiting geese, cows and hogs from wandering on the public commons. I have seen many fights since then, but never one so bitter as the resistance made to this measure. The air was rent with shrieks of opposition to a monopolistic measure which was to prohibit the poor man's geese, the workingman's hog and the cows that gave milk to the children of the village from following their pursuit of food on the public lands. It was useless for the more advanced statesmen of the place to urge that the town could never increase in size or dignity if the cows and pigs insisted on resting in the shade of the porches of the stores. It was held to be clearly an invasion of the people's rights, and nearly every member of the council concerned in passing the by-law met that awful fate known as being "relegated to private life." Now, really, there was much more justice in the clamor of the poor for their cow and pig and geese to run at large than there is for dogs to have the liberty of the streets which they have recently been enjoying in Toronto. Cows and the like are never afflicted with hydrophobia, are less apt to gore children than dogs are to bite them, and are of some use; while, as I have pointed out before, dogs are a luxury. I saw a big greyhound coming along King street the other day clothed in a magnificent mantle, and two workmen, evidently out of employment, stood and looked at the highly bred beast as he passed, one remarking to the other, "Say, Bill, he's got on better clothes than we have." "Yes," said the other fellow, "and I'll bet he's better fed." If many of the people who are spending money on licensing a dog, and caring for him, and giving him the food that the poor are really in need of, could have seen the look of envy in the eyes of those two hungry workmen they would extend their charity a little wider than the circle of their kennel. There has never been a town or village that has not had its row over the poor man's cow and its rights to run at large on a common and sidewalk. As the towns grow a little older they recognize that public necessities are superior to private preferences or the slight advantage derived from permitting the streets to be obstructed. Surely, it is to be hoped, Toronto has at last passed the point when there will be any more discussion as to whether the people or the dogs own the streets.

Another question, not for legal consideration but of domestic importance, is one very intimately connected with the front door bell. One of the greatest nuisances in this city consists in the liberties taken by people who seem to think they have a right to ring any bell they see fit. Ladies who are collecting for foreign missions, home missions, street missions, lodge funds, poor widows, afflicted orphans, wounded workmen, destitute families, churches, hospitals, societies, and all sorts of



127A PRIZE.

follow a donkey. If the Education Department and the Senate have provided donkeys, is it strange that the young people refuse to follow? I am of the opinion that they have had little better than goats in the recent past, but at least they were followable—if there be such a word, for in a flock the individual certainly recognizes such a condition.

The Minister of Education is quoted as saying, "Our professors at the University are Government officials," and throughout all the protests that the Government papers and the *World* have made, runs the one shriek, "Discipline!" I do not desire to introduce politics, but what has the Ontario Opposition been saying except that the Mowat Government is bringing the school and university system of the province down to the low and parasitical level of the License Department and contracts for public institutions? I say most emphatically that they have reduced the University to the beggarly and cad-like condition which necessarily unmans everyone who receives benefits. It is an infamous disregard both of the intention of higher education and the conduct of what we should suppose are "higher" people. Without destroying the dignity of the simile I cannot refrain from the

tage in every respect of those who went before them, and never before have they been submitted to the crucial test, and never before were they so forced into public view as fakirs and destroyers of public opinion and educational opinion, as now. I am sorry that it has happened, for I think more of the University and the educational institutions of this province than I do of politics. But the crisis has arrived, and no matter whether the students return to lectures or not—and I am glad they have not remained out longer than was necessary to attract public attention—the critics of the Government are certainly not likely to subside.

As far as the students are concerned, let them be well advised; listen to no radical or reactionary doctrine; be afraid of no parental strap; it is better to drop out of a university course than to be wallowed into it by one's parents. As the *World* says, there are plenty of other fields for young men. Remember this only, that it is better to go without a degree than to abandon one's self-respect. Next week I propose to show up some of the other peculiarities of the Education Department, and as long as this paper is alive, student life will have a voice entirely uncontrolled by the

caused by contemplating the furore which has been created by the recent dog by-law. It having been enacted by the City Fathers that the streets of this city shall no longer be used as a kennel, a dog-pit or romping-place for curs, and a convenient situation for children to be maimed and mangled by whelps and mongrels of every known variety, a number of very respectable people organized themselves into a deputation to wait upon the aldermen to protest against the inhumanity of restraining dogs. I am not a dog-fancier myself, but remembering the old motto of, "Love me, love my dog," it is not hard to conceive of the terrible personal affront it must be when a citizen of Toronto discovers that he or she cannot have any variety of dog he or she pleases, and let it run wild and conduct itself according to its own doggish will in all the public places which Toronto originally made and provided for the use of human beings. The dog question is an old one and its settlement is always fraught with a certain amount of heart-burning. Amongst what used to be called the "white trash" in Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri, it was always said that the poorer a man got the more dogs he kept. On many of the mountain farms in the remoter parts of those States I have seen a squatter



things, feel it their privilege to keep one's bell ringing all day long. Children selling tickets, collecting for bazaars, asking subscriptions for charitable "at homes," and a thousand and one things in which the householder cannot conceivably have an interest, day after day press the door on the alert. When to this are added the importunities of peddlers, the legitimate ringings caused by the postman and callers, really it needs a clerk to attend to the enunciation. Of course people cannot hope to be undisturbed, and the only phase of it that I intend to take up is that which affects the well intentioned ladies who are continually busying themselves with something with regard to which they have really but a trifling concern, but which means the annoyance of a large number of people. Giving should be more of a part of Christianity than singing and prayer and listening to sermons. The churches are no doubt organized to obtain all that the congregations can afford to spend. If so, why bother the people who are no more concerned about foreign missions, except in their own sect, than they are with regard to whether the salary is being paid to the clergyman of a rival church? I think it is a mistake for people to undertake these tasks, which are really an invasion of the social life of all those who own the door bells that are tampered with. It is impossible for people to justify themselves for the self-imposed task of dunning others who are already being dunned to death for grocery bills, and pew rent, and the half-hundred charges that are fixed upon them by their church and social duties. Certainly, if ladies desire to interest newspapers or business men they have a right by correspondence and by calling at a public office to obtain a hearing and to present their case, but I certainly think their rights are limited as regards private houses. I am glad to notice that the pernicious habit of sending children out to sell tickets is dying out. I have no doubt that the absolute failure of such enterprises has done more to discourage them than any ethical consideration for the householder, and I am sure that it will not be long before some of the busybodies who are continually clamoring at doors for subscriptions will meet with such treatment that they will consider rude as will cause them to drop out of the business. That studied rudeness is getting to be the habit of those who most solicit at the door, should be a warning to ladies of a gentle temperament to avoid such tasks. The same amount of time and energy spent in directly ministering to the poor would be much better employed. These far-away missions are not attractive, for people remember in effect the words scribbled on the slip of paper which the cynical old bachelor put in the plate when it was being passed about for contributions to foreign missions, when he wrapped up a one-cent piece in a dollar bill with this little stab, "The one cent is for the heathen and the dollar is to get it there."

The charities of the city should be administered by responsible people, they should be maintained at the public expense, and there should always be a place, if there is not one now, where those in need of food or lodging may go for assistance and ask it as the right of a citizen of the country, rather than be permitted to become a mendicant on the public highway, at the doors of private residences or in business offices. Everybody should be informed as to the places for the distribution of the necessities of life and be thoroughly equipped so as to prevent frauds, idlers, fakirs and the vicious from obtaining any advantage. Such people should be cared for by the police. If all the money that is bullied out of people at their doors and in private subscriptions in offices were contributed and manipulated by the proper people and never diverted from the use of the needy and afflicted, we may be sure that but few would be neglected. While any other system is in vogue the acquaintances of those who hear their door bell ring will, unconsciously perhaps, force subscriptions out of the lady of the house which she is neither able nor willing to give and for which, by the law of neither God nor man, is she thanked.

I think there is a misunderstanding with regard to the intention of the Civic Committee with regard to fire escapes. The committee has not usurped the power of stating what fire escape shall be used. As far as I know anything about the matter, I believe the regulation is that every building of four stories and upwards must have some adequate means of exit, even though it is intended only for the caretaker who lives in the top story. I mention this because the advocates of several expensive fire escapes are canvassing the city and, it is said, are claiming that theirs are the only authorized methods of getting out of a burning building. I am quite sure that I am right when I say that there is no authorized scheme; all that the proprietors of buildings exceeding three stories have to do is to provide some method of exit. For my own part, I think a movable fire escape is better than one that is fastened to a building. To go out with a flame is much more difficult than to go out where the wind blows the smoke and flame in a different direction. One thing, however, is certain, that those who have high buildings should not lose a day in providing a proper fire escape of some sort. It being remembered that anything will do which will bear the weight of a human being, the agents for high-priced and so-called authorized escapes should receive no hearing.

More than once I have been forced into the position of being a stormy petrel in commercial matters. If there be under the whole heavenly dome a thankless position it is that of the man who insists on having the facts recognized, even if they lend no comfort to the aching commercial heart. What I desire to say is this: We are suffering—except locally—from no depression caused by a fluctuation of prices. Our hardships are caused by the passage of the New World through the period which is best illustrated as a drop from the first floor into the cellar. There are no hydraulics on earth that can lift us back to the first floor. The machinery has not been invented that can restore the past stratum of prices. We may imagine that we are simply suffering from a period of depression caused by evanescent cir-



T. De Witt Talmage

cumstances. Let us put that away from us; it is not a fact. The great world with its new machinery, its electricity, its wonderful devices, is not the world of ten or twenty years ago. We are closing up the century, and, no matter how it may grieve us, let us admit the fact, we are closing up the old prices, the old circumstances, the old affairs, and we must accommodate ourselves to what the new century brings us. Those who do this will make wealth; those who refuse to recognize the new conditions will wait for better prices in corn, and cotton, and sugar, and wheat, and they will wait, and wait, and wait, and God will pity them as He watches them wait, and the world may forgive their debts while they wait, but the good old days will never come back, the lovely old prices will never come back, the halcyon moments of big rises in staples will never come back, for the world has been enchained by electricity, its commerce has been accelerated by steam, its people are all versed in the law of supply and demand, and where a few thousands once held the reins millions hold them now. Then let us cease wrangling about Protection and Free Trade as a source of wealth; neither of them can stem the tide of commerce, and it is only a question whether the obstruction that we place on our borders to prevent ourselves being overflooded is more than a temporary expedient. It is only the fool who will deny that the world is changing its centers; it is only the theorist who will dare attempt to stay the tide of this great re-creation. Where it will end, where we as a country may find ourselves should be the problem of all the greatest minds of Canada. Is it not so? Our greatest energies are directed towards the adjustment of matters of race, sect and advantage. If we continue in this course, without doubt we will be overwhelmed.

#### Hartford Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....\$111 15  
Proceeds of concert at Victoria street school 7 75  
\$118 90

#### Money Matters.

C. P. R. earnings for the week ending February 15 were \$224,000, showing a decrease of \$62,000 as compared with the same week of last year. The stock accordingly is weak, and the adjustment of the meeting has not improved matters, because it is not known whether anything more than 1 per cent. will be declared for the half year. This is not to be wondered at if my readers will remember that I stated that there was not likely to be any improvement in the earnings until the spring. Toronto Railway Company's stock is weak, because the severe winter has interfered with their earnings, and as ex-Ald. Gounlock insisted on a re-opening of the boodle investigation so that he might testify next Monday, if Mr. Nesbitt returns to town, both speculators and investors are holding off. The reason for this is that some people think the result of the re-opening of the investigation may affect the franchise. As I do not wish to be sentenced for contempt of court in a case *subjudice* I refrain from making any further remarks. Commercial Cable stock is strong because the daily receipts are increasing and the expectation is that there will be an increased dividend. To-day (Thursday) the stock stands at 147 1/2. Gas Consumers stock is still rising. Bell Telephone Company's stock is going up also. The annual meeting will be on February 28, and they will issue \$600,000 in bonds bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, repayable in 30 years. This stock is being taken up very quickly by private investors, and there is little to be bought on the street. This is an evidence of the value of the information which I have given, consistently and persistently, in SATURDAY NIGHT, as to the advisability of private investors going in for solid dividend-paying Companies instead of depositing their money in the banks. The fact is that people who have money are working for themselves instead of

allowing middlemen to make their profits out of them. Reduction of expenses all around. There is a change in the management of the Michellie and Ontario Navigation Company. Mr. Connolly, the president, has retired, because he has some large contracting business to look after, and L. J. Forget, the Doyen of the Stock Exchange in Montreal, takes his place. It is not likely that the Company will suffer under his management, but it is possible that the stock may be manipulated more than has been done. As the electric light contract has not been settled, all stocks of that class are in a very quiescent condition; in fact, rather tending to weakness. Berlin has adopted the storage system for the electric railway. They claim that it is a better system than the trolley. It may be so, but it takes 2 1/2 hours to charge each car for a four hours' trip, and how that would do in a large city like Toronto I leave for scientists to decide. The old style of traveling is quite out of date, and Ontario is quite in line with the progress of the age. Brantford, Port Dover, Hamilton, Barrie, Kingston, Gananoque, London and Western Ontario and St. Thomas have received letters of incorporation for electric railways, and some people who profess to know, say that Mr. McKenzie, president of the Toronto Railway Company, has gone this week to England to show them how to work electric street railways, and make a pot of money for himself and his friends.

Reports from Insurance and Loan Companies are now appearing by the shoal, and it is impossible to take up in one article a notice of every one that comes out. I must take them *seriatim*. The first that comes to hand is that of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company. This is considered one of the best Loan Companies in Canada, and has a director, President, Hon. Geo. W. Allan, has endorsed the opinion which I gave a long time ago with regard to the probable recovery of prosperity in Canada this year. He quotes almost my exact words when he says: "There is a general consensus of opinion that the cloud which has so long hung over us is beginning at last to show the silver lining and that already there are indications of an improvement." Let us hope that with the melting of the snow, the winter of our discontent may disappear.

Although I have been talking properly I always like to be honest and truthful, and it will be admitted by all the banks, in Toronto at least, that this week has been the poorest for deposits within the last five years.

I have noticed within the last few weeks some Insurance Companies, and their progress, as an evidence of returning prosperity, although quietly. I have in the first place to notice the Federal Life Assurance Company. Seeing the reports in this column about Insurance Companies, they thought it might be advisable to give some advance figures, so now I can see that the management has been very good indeed ever since Mr. Dexter was able to induce his directors to practically abandon the natural yearly premium. For the last year their income amounted to \$284,467.42. Disbursements to policy holders, death claims, etc., \$156,964.96. Assets, exclusive of unclaimed guaranteed capital, of \$431,819.22, and with the unclaimed guaranteed capital amounting to \$1,051,622.22. Surplus to policy holders \$95,144.19 and over all liabilities, including capital \$1,947.19, which shows a surplus over last year of nearly \$11,000. This is saying a good deal for a Company that has been run down very much but, under improved methods, is making rapid strides.

I have also received the financial statement of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company, which shows that popular institution to be steadily pursuing the even tenor of its way, doing a good and profitable business at a moderate cost. The comparative statement for five years, 1889-1894, shows that the gross assets of the Company have increased nearly 300 per cent. and now amount to the handsome sum of \$821,320.88; the net surplus has increased from zero to \$504,697.72; the cash income has increased nearly 100 per cent.; and the total insurance in force, which at 31st December, 1894, amounted to \$9,550,300.00, has increased 63 per cent.

These results can only have been attained by a policy of management which prefers a moderate amount of good business, secured at a moderate outlay, to a large amount of business secured, of course, at a corresponding increase in working expenses. What insurance men call "the put-by for the year" amounts to over 50 per cent. of the income, whilst an increase in insurance in force of 50 per cent. over 1889 has been placed upon the Company's books at an expenditure of less than 1 1/2 per cent. over 1889! These results speak for them-

## The Wedding Breakfast

is our specialty. We have devoted much time and thought to its development, and we are continually adding to our stock all that is new and elegant in China, Silver, Glass, Centerpieces, Epergnes, Candelabra and Table Decorations and Furnishings. We ship Wedding Cakes of the finest quality by express to all parts of the Dominion. Catalogues and estimates on application.

## Harry Webb

447 Yonge St., Toronto

The Largest Catering Establishment in Canada

selves; the whole showing is a very creditable one for a company in its eighth year of business, and augurs well for its future. E.S.A.U.

### Social and Personal.

The usual Wednesday reception at Government House will not be held next week.

Yesterday was a busy day with society people. Mrs. T. G. Blackstock gave a large tea in the afternoon. Mrs. Campbell Walbridge also gave a delightful tea. The University concert, and the Athletic Club dance attracted many people in the evening. Mrs. Dan Rose gave an evening reception to meet Mrs. Thornby of London.

A very smart and numerous turn-out of callers was at Mrs. Kirkpatrick's Wednesday reception this week. The bad weather which has rather damped the spirits of visitors was changed for a bright, clear day, and the drive at Government House was filled with handsome sleighs, whose owners chatted over a fragrant cup of tea or coffee and enjoyed a social half-hour indoors. Among the visitors were: Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Captain and Mrs. Cartwright, Colonel Otter, Miss Arthurs, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Colonel George T. Denison, Mr. Martland, Mrs. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Commander Law, Mr. Percy Ridout, Mr. J. E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. James Crowther and Miss Bunting. Many a warm welcome home was given to Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, who looked in about five o'clock.

Mr. John Anderson of Arthur, Registrar of North Wellington, and Mrs. Anderson, were guests at the Christie-Lee wedding this week.

Rev. and Mrs. Fiddler of Whitby have moved to Parkdale and taken up house at 30 Maple grove.

The Octagon Club will hold their final dance of the season in the Art Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists on Tuesday evening, March 5.

Mrs. Geo. H. D. Lee will receive at 180 Spadina avenue from three to six p. m. on Wednesday, February 27.

Mrs. Effingham Mason of Grosvenor street gave a very dainty pink luncheon last Wednesday.

Mrs. Harton Walker of Spadina avenue gave a library party on Wednesday afternoon, February 13. Her many guests were charmed with the novelty of the entertainment, which was truly delightful.

Mrs. J. Max Mackenzie of 60 Admiral road gave a pretty tea last Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. George W. V. Might of Major street has for the past week been confined to the house with bronchitis, but is now rapidly recovering.

Miss Mabel Gardner is traveling with the Metropolitan Opera Company, the guest of Miss Lucille Hill, one of the prima donnas.

There will be a Library At Home at Victoria University on the evening of Friday, March 1.

Something novel in the social evening line was a library party given by Miss Gould, 26 Macdonell avenue, Parkdale, on Tuesday evening. Each invited person had upon his or her person an emblem symbolical of some favorite book or character taken from popular literature. The finding out of these enigmas was the source of much speculation and amusement during the evening. Two hand-painted china cups were given as prizes to the first lady and gentleman who deciphered someone's character, and were won by Miss Moore of Brooklyn and Mr. H. J. Crawford.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron gave a dinner on St. Valentine's night and a luncheon last Saturday.

## Brass and Iron...

## BEDSTEADS

CHILDREN'S COTS.

Write for Illustrated List.

## RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

## RE-BUILDING SALE

FOR 7 DAYS MORE ONLY

## Dress Goods Silks and Trimmings

Injured by dust  
AWAY BELOW COST  
Dress Goods from 25c. up.

## PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN ALL LINES

See our special glove for 50c., usual price \$1.35

## WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto

## Dinner Sets

\$12<sup>00</sup>

...ENGLISH...

Above is a special price on a special line of fine semi-porcelain sets now clearing.

We have a set spread out in our show window.

## PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

TORONTO'S LEADING DIAMOND HOUSE

ELLIS'

Established over 55 Years

## Diamond Rings

From \$5 to \$500

In a matchless variety of styles—and our prices represent incomparable values.

ELLIS' DIAMONDS WATCHES JEWELRY SILVERWARE

TORONTO—3 KING ST. E.

## Dunlop's

SALESROOMS:

DOWNTOWN

5 King St. West

Phone 1434

UPTOWN

445 Yonge Street

Phone 4192

## ...FLORIST...

Orchids, Roses, Carnations, Lilies of the Valley

Artistic work of all kinds and for all occasions carefully attended to.

WEDDING ORDERS given special attention.

Price list, giving description of varieties, on application.

Conservatories - Bloor Street West

VISITORS WELCOME

Mrs. people shorted home or receiving Judge in the flavored to the Douglas self. The refr that ple dancers, danced a played wreaths lovely d hall eve through very bec wore a bi stood-wi and fare friends. as a hint reluctant tion to th tute an theater l plumed faces, bu which sev unwilling

Mrs. Jo reception the fine drive across half Cawthra Cawthra younger o debutante, guests. M orchestra stairway, mid-week of the ate there are a attend on little cava Cawthra is the many e Greene, M Winstanley Miss Catti Mrs. and Mr. Munro and the M and Rev. S

Mr. and at Woodlan This is one where a lar room and d received in rich gown of Her pretty ing in whit Mrs. Charles quite recove invalidism, Mrs. Long, with white, handsome a dial and kind were young gowns worn ticed Mrs. F with a faultl Gann's rich really exquie cream satin, Miss Daisy K bodice of ve Ephraim Ell silk and lace. In white fat Pyk, was th defatigably; the cares o lightly upon Delasco, one Mr. Harry Fl cynical, and were among t St. Catharine thoroughly e usually substa young people's twelve o'clock ment came to

Mr. and Mrs abroad, are th sorry to hear ing slightly from The French Presbyterian I

Mrs. (Dr.) M lovely tea on F was rendered charming sing whom were Si Messrs. A. Ber success of all l ings is a mat Toronto is more handsome husb musical treat very happy sel buffet.

Mrs. Perrin's cosy and pleas nature of a fa event. A large genial people w and cordial hos Perrin assisted trio of pretty dainty tea table

One of the n season was the Hall, Guelph, the lady patron Mrs. E. Harvey, Mackinnon, Mr Mrs. Pepler, th



## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Macdougall's afternoon tea for young people was one of the brightest events of the shortest month. The daughters of the cozy home on Carlton street aided their mother in receiving, and the good offices of His Honor Judge Macdougall were also freely exercised in the way of supplying dainty good things, flavored with many a joke, as is his fashion, to the fortunate ladies under his escort. Mr. Douglas Macdougall was also a host in himself. The tea was held in St. George's Hall, the refreshments being served in an ante-room that plenty of space might be secured for the dancers, who, being both young and merry, danced a good deal. The orchestra on the dais played delightfully, and I noticed one of the wreaths and decorations of Mrs. Macdougall's lovely dance still remaining to make the pretty hall even prettier. The soft light, filtered through the yellow shades of crepe paper, was very becoming and restful. Mrs. Macdougall wore a black gown with green trimming, and stood with sweet patience bidding welcome and farewell for hours to her bright young friends. The band played God Save the Queen, as a hint that time was flying, before people reluctantly took their departure. A suggestion to the girls who dance would be to substitute an apology for a bonnet such as is called a theater bonnet, for the large and heavily plumed hats so becoming to their pretty faces, but which ensure a cruel headache, which several girls confessed to as they went unwillingly home on Saturday.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra's Thursday afternoon reception last week was very largely attended, the fine afternoon tempting many visitors to drive across into Rosedale and halt for a pleasant half hour at Guiseley House. Mrs. Cawthra was assisted in receiving by Miss Cawthra and Mrs. Harry Drayton, and a younger daughter of the house, not yet a debutante, was also busy for the comfort of the guests. Music floated softly down from an orchestra seated at the bend of the double stairway. A good many men turned out for a mid-week tea. One never gets a fair muster of the stern sex except on Saturdays, and there are apt to be more teas than one can well attend on that day on this account. A smart little cavalier was missing, for Master Jack Cawthra is still at school in England. Among the many guests were: Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Greene, Miss Greene, the Misses Arthurs, Mrs. Winstanley and Mrs. Capreole, Mrs. and Miss Cattanch, Mrs. and Miss Oeler, Miss Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Miss Coventon, Mrs. and the Misses Drayton, Dr. Ryerson, Mr. Munro Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mrs. and the Misses Mackenzie, Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. Harold Jarvis and Rev. Street Macklem.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Long gave a large dance at Woodland, Jarvis street, last Friday evening. This is one of the dozen houses in Toronto where a large number of guests find plenty of room and dancing is a pleasure. Mrs. Long received in the south parlor and wore a quiet, rich gown of velvet rose with jet passementerie. Her pretty daughter, Miss Mary, was charming in white silk, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Long, who, I am glad to see, has quite recovered from a tedious and serious invalidism, also did much to assist the hostess. Mrs. Long, Jr., wore black, lightly touched with white. The host and his brother, two handsome and dignified men, were most cordial and kind to the merry crowd, most of whom were young people. Among the many handsome gowns worn at this dance I particularly noticed Mrs. Fred Jarvis's smart striped silk, with a faultlessly cut Paquin skirt; Mrs. McGann's rich heliotrope gown, veiled with really exquisite lace; Mrs. Covert Moffatt's cream satin, which becomes her perfectly; Miss Daisy Forsythe's velvet rose gown, with bodice of velvet—a charming gown; Mrs. Ephraim Elliott looked very sweet in white silk and lace, and Miss Murphy was a picture in white faille. The new tenor, Mr. Tor. Pyk, was there and danced, as usual, indefatigably; Mr. Claude Macdonell, with the cares of the coming election sitting lightly upon his broad shoulders; Signor Pier Delasco, one of the best waltzers in Toronto; Mr. Harry Field, who is really growing a trifle cynical, and several other musical celebrities were among the guests. The Misses Larkin of St. Catharines were much sought after and thoroughly enjoy a visit to Toronto. An unusually substantial and elegant supper for a young people's dance was served upstairs at twelve o'clock, and an evening of much enjoyment came to a close at a very late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, who are still abroad, are thinking of a visit to Rome. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Cawthra has been suffering slightly from an attack of gout.

The French Club meets this evening at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Bloor street west.

Mrs. (Dr.) Macdonald of Simcoe street gave a lovely tea on Friday of last week. This event was rendered quite a *soiree musicale* by the charming singing of several artists, among whom were Signor Delasco, Mr. Tor. Pyk and Messrs. A. Beardmore and Wily Grier. The success of all Mrs. Macdonald's social gatherings is a matter of course, and no host in Toronto is more popular than her cordial and handsome husband. In addition to the rich musical treat offered on this occasion was a very happy selection of guests and a dainty buffet.

Mrs. Perrin's tea on Saturday was a very cozy and pleasant affair, partaking more of the nature of a familiar *coterie* than of a formal event. A large number of friends and congenial people were in attendance, and the kind and cordial hostess was in her element. Miss Perrin assisted her mother in receiving. A trio of pretty girls attended to a couple of dainty tea tables.

One of the most delightful dances of the season was the assembly given in the City Hall, Guelph, on Thursday, February 14, and the lady patronesses, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. E. Harvey, Mrs. Hogge, Mrs. Lett, Mrs. Mackinnon, Mrs. McConkey, Mrs. Oxnard, Mrs. Pepler, the committee, Messrs. Colson,

**Headquarters for... Silks**

**WILL** Silks be abundant or scarce? Who knows? We don't! But we guess scarce, and therefore have early provided the best variety in the market.

Japanese Habutai, 50 pieces cream and white, reg. 50c, for 25c  
 Liberty Silk, pure, all shades, 25c  
 Kai Kai, many styles never shown before, unfading colors, only shown by us, worth 65c, for 35c  
 Colored Brookes, 22 in., \$1 quality, for 65c

Satin Liberty, just in, the latest Parisian fad, in needed effects, very special for fancy waist, can get them only here, worth 75c, for 45c  
 Black Taffeta, the high, rustling kind, special, 75c  
 Black Surah, 50 pieces, double warp, all silk, worth 100c, for 55c

**BENGALINES—**  
 Vast selections in evening shades for 19c.

**R. SIMPSON**  
 LARGEST SILK IMPORTERS IN CANADA  
 170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Yonge St.  
 1 and 3 Queen St. West TORONTO

Dunbar, Lamprey, Roper Curzon, Saunders, and Von Iffland, together with the honorary secretary, Mr. Eardley Wilmot, may congratulate themselves on sustaining the well earned reputation that Guelph has for charming and cleverly arranged parties. Everything had been accomplished that could possibly add to its success, and with a great many visitors from Toronto, Hamilton, London, etc., together with a splendid floor, excellent supper and delightful music, it is little to be wondered at that all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I noticed among others: Miss Gillespie of Hamilton, Miss Macdonnell of Toronto, Miss Gower of London, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Hall, Miss Finlay of Guelph, Miss Domville of Hamilton, Mrs. Armstrong of Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Lett, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Pepler, Miss Pipe, Miss Chisholm, Miss Oxnard, Miss Herod of Guelph, Miss Marcon of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. McConkey, Miss Saunders, Miss Crawford, Miss Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Gower, Miss Adams, Miss Parker, Miss Jeffrey, and Miss Grenside of Guelph, and Messrs. Macdonnell, Bethune, Francis, and Lamprey of Toronto, Zealand, Garrett of Hamilton, Campbell of Elmira, Wharton of Grimsby, and Howitt, Molony, Dixon, Nelles, Lamprey, Roper, Curzon, Dunbar, Saunders, Bell, Buckland, Morris, Phin, Scarff, Guthrie, Jeffrey, Finlay, Orrison, Merton, Daly, and many others of Guelph. Among so many handsome gowns and charming faces I would not dare choose one as the particular star of the evening.

The annual At Home given by Alpha Lodge, A. F. & A. M., last Thursday evening was a charming success. The early part of the programme consisted of a high-class concert rendered by the following artists: Mrs. W. T. Gray, Mrs. W. Smith, Misses Robinson, Hobson and Martin, and Messrs. Sparrow, Warrington, Sparks and Martin. Luncheon was then served in fine style, and the balance of the evening was spent in tripping the light fantastic. Among those present were: Mr. John H. McGillivray, D.D.G.M., and Mrs. McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Voss, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. E. Horton, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hare, Dr. and Mrs. Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. St. John, Mr. and Mrs. W. Porteous, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. W. Greig, Mr. and Mrs. G. Waller, Mr. and Mrs. T. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. B. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Blackhall, Mr. and Mrs. G. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Gray, Dr. and Mrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Isaacs, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Maddox, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. H. Snow, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. K. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. W. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hilsden, Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Beamish, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gardiner, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lancaster, Mrs. J. Brown of Winnipeg, Mrs. Champney of Detroit, Mrs. James Johnson, Misses Melrose, Hobbs, Horton, Babe, Frowse, Verrell, Bessee, Maddox, Alexander, Godwood, White, Laxton, Swift, Gulech, Joyce, Waller, Mingay, Harmer, Martin, Robin-

Diamond Hall  
RYRIE BROS.High-Grade  
Watches

We have recently added to our stock what we consider the most desirable line of GENTLEMEN'S GOLD WATCHES ever shown by us.

They are exceedingly NEAT and POCKETABLE—VERY HANDSOME and ABSOLUTE PERFECTION as regards timekeeping qualities. Ask to see them.

## Ryrie Bros.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS  
 Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

son, Laxton, Lancaster, Waller, Murray, Boland, and Messrs. Martin, Horton, Little, Harmer, Ramsey, Lennox, Ward, Peak, Peacock, Sparrow, Porteous, Sparks, Warrington, Laxton, Boland, Waller, Jarrett, McKenzie, Thomson, Hyuck, White, Stewart, Lyons, Hurst, and King. A most enjoyable evening was spent and those present pronounce it the most successful At Home Alpha has yet held. Thanks are due to Mr. G. L. Lennox, W.M. of the Lodge, and Mr. A. T. Middleton, secretary of the committee.

Miss Hay of 24 Isabella street entertained the Woman's Art Association last Saturday evening. Among the guests were all the members and honorary members and a large number of ladies and gentlemen interested in art and artists.

No more charming day could have been chosen for celebrating a marriage ceremony than that of Saturday last. The old adage, "Happy is the bride the sun shines on," was given expression to by many on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. H. J. Hollinrake and Miss Catharine Shore, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Shore of this city. The officiating clergymen in the ceremony, which took place at one o'clock in Trinity Methodist church, were Rev. Dr. Briggs and Rev. W. F. Wilson. The groom's brother, Rev. F. W. Hollinrake, B.A., of Hamilton, acted as best man. Miss Lavinia Shore, sister of the bride, was maid of honor and the two little bridesmaids were Marion Brandon and Minnie Mara. The bride wore an ivory duchess satin trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley and orange blossoms. The bridal veil was of white tulle with sprays of lilies-of-the-valley and orange blossoms. The maid of honor wore pale blue faille with pearls and duchesse point lace; a Gainsboro' had completed her pretty costume. The two little maids were sweetly attired in long cream silk Empire gowns and large cream hats with drooping plumes. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Henry W. C. Shore. The ushers were Messrs. N. B. Gash, Allan Shore, C. E. Hollinrake and Percy Leadlay. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the home of the bride's mother, 166 St. George street, where congratulations and best wishes were tendered the happy couple, who, amidst show-

## Dance Programmes

We supply pure silk cords and tassels and the best ivory tipped pencils with all our Dance Programmes. The tassels may be had in rich shades of Old Gold, Olive Green and Primrose, besides the usual colors, Pink, Blue and White.

Our ability to produce quickly is equal to almost any emergency.

## Wm. Tyrrell &amp; Co.

FINE STATIONERS AND BOOKSELLERS  
 (Successors to Retail Department of Hart & Riddell)  
 12 King Street West, Toronto

## Lent

Begins next week. We quote:

Haddock.....	5c. to 8c. per lb.
Cod.....	6c. to 12c. "
Salmon Trout.....	8c. "
White Fish.....	8c. to 10c. "
Halibut.....	20c. "

Oysters and every variety of Fish in season at very close prices.

## SIMPSON'S

'Phones 3445 & 4239 | 756 & 758 Yonge St.

Two Great—  
 Canadian Novelists

Grant Allan  
Gilbert Parker

The latest by GRANT ALLAN

The Woman Who Did  
 (Just Published)

At Market Value

Some of GILBERT PARKER'S

The Trail of the Sword  
 The Trespasser  
 Translation of a Savage  
 Pierre and His People  
 Mrs. Falchion  
 The Chief Factor

&c., &c.

And all the Newest Novels

At...

## BAIN'S

53 King Street East, Toronto

## Nothing on the Table!!!

—Indicates more distinctly the taste and culture of a hostess than the table linen.  
 —A glance is all that is necessary, as the high grades are easily recognized.  
 —if bought at Catto's the impression will be favorable.

LINEN  
 DAMASK

Tablecloths  
 Table Napkins  
 D'Oyleys and Slip Cloths  
 Tray and Sideboard Cloths  
 Table Centers, Carving and Tea Cloths

Mail Orders  
 Carefully Filled

**John Catto & Son**

KING STREET  
 Opp. the Post Office

Platinotype  
Photographs

HAVE  
 NO  
 EQUAL  
 Remember

—They are NOT cold, gray, foreign Bromides.  
 —Flat, hard Aristo Platins ARE the soft, round beautiful pictures that so resemble hand work, the style so extensively used by EUROPEAN SOCIETY.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF PLATIN WORK

**FREDERICK LYONDE**

Photographer

HAMILTON, Canada

It will not cost you \$5 extra to be photographed by Frederick Lyonde.

(Studio opp. Post Office)

ers of rice and good wishes, took their departure on the evening train bound for the Eastern States.

Mrs. Wallbridge of Spadina crescent gave an afternoon reception on Friday.

Mrs. Percy Beatty and her little son have been convalescent and able to sit up for some days, after a distressing siege of diphtheria.

Miss Merritt of St. Kits and Miss Tilley were two admired girls at Mrs. McDougall's tea, as also was dear little Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston.

The bal poudre next Monday evening is the next on the list of social events. Several dinner parties are being arranged for that evening.

## TAYLOR'S NEW ODORS

White  
 Jasmin  
 White  
 Carnation

TRUE TO FLOWER  
 DELICATE AND LASTING

## JOHN TAYLOR &amp; CO.

Perfumers

TORONTO

## Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store

Telephone 2498

## LADIES' FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSING

The principal factor in a lady's appearance is the HAIR. A lady's hair becomingly dressed adds more to her credit and appearance than a silk gown with neglected hair.

The care of the hair is essential to health, and should be cultivated from childhood up.

We make a specialty and have well appointed parlors for Ladies and Children's hair dressing and care of their hair.

Hair and scalp scientifically treated after illness, fevers, etc. Local, or patchy baldness (Alopecia areata), successfully treated and the hair restored.

Face Steaming, Face Massage and Manicure Parlors.

Our treatment is natural and unique. We do not employ artificial means nor artificial names of appliances. We do not pretend to do any wonders, nor do we parade any merits in the sensational and vulgar fashion of advertisements. The merits of our facial treatment speak for themselves.

We give the best MANICURE in the city, 75c.; by tickle, 50c.

**J. TRANGLE ARMAND & CO.**

441 Yonge Street, cor. Carlton, Toronto, Ont.

## PEMBER'S HAIR STORE

127 Yonge Street

We have the most complete line of HAIR GOODS in Canada. Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, perfect fit and most natural in appearance. Long Hair Switches, natural curly Bangs, Waves and all kinds of Hair Goods.

Our Ladies' Hair Department is most complete in every respect. Careful attention given to Ladies and Children's Hair. Trimming, Singeing and Shampooing. Treatments after fevers and other diseases. Ladies' hair dressed in latest and most becoming styles for Parties, Balls, Theaters and Photos.

Hair ornaments in Gold, Silver, Steel, Amber, Jet, and real Shell Goods. Face and Tooth Powders, Grasses

Paints, Perfumes and all toilet articles.

**PEMBER'S Hair and Perfumery Store**

127 YONGE STREET

Telephone 3275. (4 Doors South of Arcade.)

so that the guests may afterwards attend the ball together, and a good many strangers are expected.

Mrs. O'Brien had a young people's tea on Tuesday of last week which was charming.

## THE GERVAISE GRAHAM

## DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

31 Avenue Street (College Street)

Telephone 1858

TORONTO



## Some Things We Have Done

ORIGINATED FACIAL TREATMENTS in Toronto and Canada three years ago.

CURED some of the worst cases of Acne, Blackheads, Eczema and other skin diseases.

MADE several ladies look seven years younger in three years by removing lines, softening the skin, etc., and giving their face a youthful roundness of outline.

REDUCED in weight some corpulent patients 18 lbs. in two months.

RESTORED gray hair to its natural color and prevented it from falling out, at a very slight expense.

REMOVED unsightly hair by Electrolysis, permanently and successfully, from hundreds of faces.

CURED Rheumatism, neuralgia, langour, angularity, etc.

We are still giving these treatments, which are heartily endorsed by every physician who has investigated our methods. Write to us for any further information you may require.

## WE DO NOT

Give poor imitations of ONE kind of treatment originated by anyone else, and then have recourse to atrocious grammar and worse spelling to advertise the superiority of our limitation over the many SPECIAL TREATMENTS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES given by the originator. A good business and pleased customers do not demand such unbusinesslike methods.

IF YOU NEED HELP FOR ANY BLEMISHES OR DEFECTS OF FACE OR FIGURE WRITE OR CALL UPON US.

THE GERVAISE GRAHAM

31 Avenue Street, Toronto

## Qebek



The body of the Qebek Corset is made of a single thickness of Ouzil of superior quality, is soft and light, elegant and graceful in shape, and very serviceable. This corset is boned with our improved Clock Spring Ribbon Steels, japanned and tipped, rendering them impervious to moisture, and prevent cutting through the fabric.

## LONG WAIST

## CORALINE CORSET

This beautifully modeled Corset is designed to meet the requirements of the latest Parisian designs, adds grace and contour to the figure, and enriches the appearance of the dress worn, is filled with our best pressed and tempered patent Coraline Cord, which, as a filling, is the most popular and satisfactory in use.

## FRENCH MODEL CORALINE CORSET

The French Model has the same length of waist as the Long Waist Coraline Corset, and differs from it only by being shorter below the hips and at the Front, which will commend it to those who wish a shorter Corset with Long Waist. They can always be recognised, as they have our name with Coraline and date of patent stamped on the inside of the Corset.

The CROMPTON CORSET CO.

TORONTO

## Evening

## ...Dresses

We will, as is our custom, guarantee perfect satisfaction to ladies favoring us with their orders.

## MISS ARMSTRONG

41 King St. West - - - Toronto

No. 10 Washington Avenue

Six doors east of Spadina avenue

## MISS M. E. LAKEY

Formerly of Gerrard Street East, is now conducting her Dressmaking establishment at above address. Evening dresses and trousseaux a specialty.

INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN...

## ART NEEDLE WORK

Monday and Thursday Afternoons  
 Also Thursday and Friday Mornings.

MISS FANNY PHILIP, 25 Wilton Crescent





Copy lighted in England, the United States and Canada by Mr. James Barr.

XI.

It is said that the wound given by a ricochet bullet is more ragged, painful and difficult to heal than one from a shot that has encountered nothing in the flight to its victim; and, adopting this as an illustration, it may be written that the man who starts swiftly on the right course, but encountering an inopportune circumstance glances into an evil way, is more dangerous to all with whom he comes in contact than if he had been an evil man from the first. This may be so with strong natures; but, as a rule, professional villains are weaklings. Every man is a villain by nature and inclination, and honest men are such only by faith and policy. It requires a much stronger will to be honest than to be dishonest. Then, again, there are some men who, having done one wicked deed, take panic at their own iniquity and run amuck for the rest of their lives, not having the strength of will to pull up, each successive evil-doing frightening their weak souls into a fresh outrage. Poor Jack Howard, born to honesty, and now the most miserable of men, cast about him day and night for some way to ensure against the fruits of his dishonesty. He realized, as sure as he was a thief, that he would be exposed to the world, and that soon. He asked himself what would follow. What would become of him when disgrace fell upon him? Was he, after a taste of the world, to crawl back again to Drury lane and live, a rat in a garret, to venture out into the light only to hawk a picture for an occasional half-crown? No. That would never do. He must manage it somehow, so that when the crash came, when the dust and splinters settled to earth again, and the roar of the falling fabric ceased to beat on his ear, he would find himself not utterly ruined, but with a substantial grip on the world still. He pondered the problem night and day and made up his mind to sacrifice another to save himself. First, writing to Miss Treveland to say that he would call, he hurried back from Paris. He did call, and seizing the first favorable opportunity, asked Madge Treveland to be his wife.

There can be no doubt that if poor Jack Howard had had nothing on his conscience all the days of his acquaintance with Madge Treveland, he would have learned to love her in an honest way. But his mind had all the time been too troubled to allow of that peaceful contemplation so essential to real love, and it may as well be told that for a long time he courted the girl more from motives of fear than love. He loved her, too, but it was the love a captain has for a harbor of refuge when a hurricane threatens—the love of self-preservation. Jack Howard set his heart on Madge Treveland as a harbor of refuge till the threatening storm should pass. He looked to her for support. He looked to her to counsel him aright; to again set his feet in the ways of truth; to be, in fact, his earthly saviour. And the longer he thought of the matter, and the more he sympathized with himself, as only one in the wrong can self-sympathize, the more it seemed to him that this would be a little thing for a girl to do, a trifle, a matter that any woman should be glad to do for her superior, Man. Poor fellow! no good will be done by following him in his disappointment. It is sorry business craning the neck to see a fellow being hanged. Jack Howard walked the studio floor feeling that the very world had dropped from under him when Madge Treveland said "No." "I wish she had said 'Yes,'" it would have beautifully complicated this story. But there is a bit of the divining-rod about every woman when it comes to choosing a husband. Jack Howard divined in the ring and emphasis of the "No" that this time a woman's "No" meant "No." And he felt himself lost for ever. He walked the floor rapidly, but in silence, and, as he walked, the maid tapped at the door to announce that a gentleman had called to see Miss Treveland, and was waiting below. Madge at once arose. She knew who the new visitor must be. With her hand on the door she paused to say to the young man:

"Mr. Howard, let us pretend that this evening has never been. I am proud of the friendship of the author of such a story as *The Trial by Fire*, but I can never accept your love. Will you allow me to introduce you to the friend who waits below? I think you will like him."

"I will follow you in a few minutes, if I may," Jack said quietly. Madge nodded approval, and left him to collect himself as best he might. She thought the pleasure of meeting an old friend might cheer him up.

Quite half an hour passed before Jack Howard entered the room where sat the girl he had lost and the acquaintance he was so unexpectedly to find. He did not at once recognize his old room-mate, it may be because the light was in his eyes, or that his sight was dimmed. Indeed, he had covered half the distance between the door and Darrell before the light of recognition leaped to his eyes. Jack Howard stopped in his tracks. Very likely under the circumstances he doubted his sight. He did not outwardly start, he uttered no exclamation; but only gazed calmly, enquiringly, silently into the face of his old friend for it might be quite half a minute. And then, satisfied he saw no visionary mirage, he advanced, held out his hand, and said quietly:

"How are you, Dick?"

"How are you, Jack?" Darrell replied. The

two grasped hands, and stood looking into each other's eyes.

Madge Treveland noiselessly arose, and clutched the back of the chair. For across the calm faces she read, printed in letters of black, the word "Tragedy." The two men as they stood there seemed to have forgotten her presence, and when they unclasped hands and sank into seats she judged that it might be better to leave them for a few minutes. That something was about to happen she felt sure, but with equal certainty she believed the question between them would in no way develop into a broil. She was about to slip out of the room when Jack Howard glanced quickly at her.

"Pray do not leave us," he said, in a voice but little louder than a whisper.

Madge Treveland returned to her seat, walking toe-a-clip, the why or wherefore of it she could not say. Dick thought for a moment that Howard stayed her for his own protection, believing that no exposure would be made while she remained, but in this he did his old room-mate an injustice. For a long time—minutes it must have been—not a word was spoken. Jack Howard sat in a rocker, his elbow on the arm of it, his head resting on his hand, and he gently rocked himself forward and back, his eyes wandering over his old-time friend with a strange gaze of sympathy

minutes. Turning to Madge, Jack continued: "I'm no hero, and I'm a very incomplete villain. I have made love to you while all the time the modicum of better nature belonging to me revolted at the process. My better self rejoiced when I saw that you were in love with the story and not with me. This was at once gall and honey. Your refusal this evening of my suit lifted a load from off my soul, at the same time casting me utterly down."

Again there was a long pause, during which the two who had been listening summed up the news that had fallen to their ears. Madge ran over in her mind every point of her strange acquaintanceship with Darrell and with Howard from the day she met the first in the reading-room of the Museum to this, the night of Howard's mortifying confession. Her Knight of Clare Market was, after all, the author of the story she liked so well, and this Howard had merely stolen it for a brief space of time. A silly steal, she thought—a ridiculously silly proceeding altogether; and she flushed rather angrily when she thought of Howard's attempt to drag her into his hopeless future. And then she thought of her art, and of the serious exception this Darrell had taken to her pictures, and she sensibly recognized that circumstances had altered, and that she now stood in a subordinate position to the rightful author so far as the book was concerned. Sensible girl! Al-



Jack Howard stopped in his tracks.

and compassion. He rocked, and rocked, and rocked, but no one broke the silence, for it was plain to the other two that Jack wished to speak first. He did so.

"I'm glad you've come back, Dick."

Darrell felt that there was nothing for him to say, so he said nothing.

"I thought you had left the country.—No, no: what is the use of me lying? Let me put it truthfully; I wished and tried to make myself believe that you had left the country"—he still spoke in a low, clear voice—"and I almost got my brain to believe so, but my heart, never! I am sick of the sorry affair. I am glad you have come back."

Madge Treveland continued to look from one to the other. She did not at all understand the situation.

"I suppose you were put to considerable trouble with the story," began Dick, thinking to make Jack's burden a little lighter. But Howard would have none of it. When a man's repentance is genuine, he likes to be punished with unflinching severity, to be scourged to the bone.

"Not a bit of it. I had nothing to do with the story but to steal it, to rob it of its title and you of your name, to collect the price of it and to spend the money. That's all I did. That is my glorious share in your triumph."

"Scarcely the right thing," Dick said, in spite of himself. Madge now was beginning to understand.

"The right thing, Dick! It was a devilish thing, wrong from start to finish; a sordid thing. And what made me do it is more than I can tell. When I got the editor's note saying that the story had been accepted, I pawned my clothes to raise the money to look for you. I traced you to Staines and there lost track of you. Then I returned to rob you." Jack spoke excitedly for the first time to-night.

"The editor of *The Ishmaelite*, unwittingly, to be sure, first put it into my head to claim the story; and when I saw Miss Treveland here and found how she admired the story and how I admired her, I allowed myself to lead myself step by step away from the right, until I now but half believe that you are not doing me a great wrong by your return. It is difficult to believe that I do not deserve the fame and money that I hold of yours."

Again there was silence in the room for some

ready in imagination her fingers were busy substituting English faces in all her pictures. Darrell, being masculine, first thought, "Hallo! Proposed to her, did he? Cheek!" And then at once his thoughts were thoughts of charity. "Poor old Jack! poor old Jack!" he repeated over and over again under his breath.

But as they sat, Jack Howard began to fidget, and gradually a hunted look came into his eyes. He asked eagerly:

"What are you going to do?"

"In what way?" enquired Dick.

"About the story—about the money. I have spent most of it. Are you going to give me in charge? Are you—"

"Don't talk—nonsense, Jack," Dick answered abruptly, overlooking the fact that a lady sat beside him.

"I have lost my good name—I have lost my good name!" Jack said excitedly. His nerves were giving way. "I am off for America, if I may. I will sail to-morrow." He stopped short and looked at Darrell. Dick understood. "Keep it," he said. "I have enough to go on with."

"Only enough for my passage, not a penny more; and as a loan, not otherwise. Everything else I will send to you. And, by the way—" He again ceased speaking to look into Dick's eyes.

"What is it, Jack?"

"My name. My name, John Howard, is the name your story has made famous. No one knows of Darrell, and everyone of Howard. You must take over the name with your property, and it must become your property with the rest."

Dick saw that such was the case.

"I have lost my good name—doubly lost my good name," Jack repeated; and, fearing that he might be on the point of breaking down, and determined to get away before the collapse came, he thrust forward his hand and clasped Dick's with the grasp of despair. Without looking at Madge he took her hand, and then was gone. Exit Jack Howard. When for him the curtain next rolled up, it revealed in the background the Rockies, their peaks white against the blue of the western sky. (To be continued.)

Ask your dealer for Carol Russet Shoe Dressing. High polish, waterproof and non-injurious. Price 15c.

## Don't be Satisfied

With "This is just as good." But tell your grocer that you want

# "Salada"

The finest Tea the finest gardens can produce.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY

ALL GROCERS

COPLAND BREWING CO.



BOHEMIAN  
ROYAL EXPORT LAGER

TORONTO, Canada



### "Governor" Appetite.

You have seen or heard of the apparatus in a steam engine called the "governor." Its object is to regulate the quantity of steam supplied by the boiler to the engine, so as to keep it running evenly, whether the power required is more or less. Very good.

Now, there is another governor on a machine of much greater consequence than any steam engine—namely, the appetite, or sense of hunger, in the human body. The mill or machine that grinds the food is located in the middle of your body—down in the dark. You never see it or touch it. You swallow your meals, and if all is right with the machine, you have no further business with it. The stomach has a peristaltic or oscillating motion, by which it shakes up and churns its contents; but so silent and smooth is it that you have no more sense of it than of the earth's revolution. But when it is out of order, notice of the fact is served on you, even quicker than a notice to quit on non-payment of rent. This notice comes through the Appetite—the Governor, Manager or Executive Officer. Yet people are foolish enough to think that loss of appetite is bad enough in itself, and that they ought to do something to force it, or to coax and coddle it. Drop that notion and never pick it up again.

When your appetite fails, say this: "Heigho! I've got a notice that my stomach doesn't want any breakfast; what's the matter down there?" Take the experience of Mr. Walter Burkinshaw of 280 Danlop street, Carbrook, Sheffield. He says that in June, 1891, his appetite fell away, and he could scarcely touch the food that was placed before him. He had a foul taste in his mouth, and a disagreeable plegm covered his teeth and tongue. When he did eat a morsel he had a deal of pain at his chest and around the sides; and he thought the food caused the pain, as in fact it did.

Presently he got weak, and felt tired and done up. His ears were full of singing noises, and he couldn't even hear the clock strike. When in company he says he felt miserable, because he was like a dummy; he couldn't hear what folks were saying. By-and-by he got so weak—he is a jobbing blacksmith by trade—that he had to give up work. At night he couldn't sleep much, as he was constantly belching up wind and a sour fluid. Well, things were this way with him, week after week and month after month—a most dismal, unhappy and unprofitable time, indeed.

He took all sorts of medicines, as we might expect; "but," he says, "the physic gave me no strength." That everybody does not expect. But it is true all the same. Nothing but digested food gives any strength. The right kind of medicine enables the stomach to digest food, and so you get strong. But let us keep to our tale.

After telling us all the foregoing, Mr. Burkinshaw ends his letter in these words:

"When I found there was no chance of getting back to my work (he was at Dodsworth, Barnsley, Yorkshire, when taken ill.) I returned to Sheffield and dragged on till the middle of July last (1892), when I read in a book what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done in cases like mine. I sent to Boot's Drug Store, High street, Attercliffe road, and got the medicine. A few doses relieved me, and after I had taken three bottles I was a well man. (Signed) Walter Burkinshaw."

The date is October 15, 1892. The address we have already named.

Now, of what did Burkinshaw's falling appetite inform him? Simply that no more food was wanted. Beyond that point he didn't understand what had happened. His stomach was inflamed, and—mechanically speaking—dead. For the time it was like a closed factory. There was a lock out. To force down food was only to make matters worse. It was indigestion and dyspepsia, which can't be cured by ignoring it, even if you could ignore it. But when Mother Seigel was consulted, and her help accepted, matters improved in a twinkling, the stomach soon resumed business, "Governor" Appetite proclaimed the fact, strength and power grew in the body, and our friend, as he says, "was a well man."

"One thing must be admitted in favor of our sex," announced the advocate of female rights and superiority to her husband. "In the time of need we are always strong. Can you mention the name of a single woman who has lost her head in the time of danger?" "Why, there was the lovely Marie Antoinette, my dear," suggested her husband mildly, with a deprecatory smile.

### Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in wasting diseases and consumption.

First Drug Clerk—Great Scott! I've kept that woman waiting three-quarters of an hour! Forget all about her prescription. Second Drug Clerk—You'll have to charge her a good stiff price, so that she'll think you had a lot of trouble making it up.

### Do Not Insure

Until you have seen one of the unconditional policies of the Manufacturers' Life. Every policy is without conditions as to habits of life or manner of death, and non-forfeitable from any cause whatever after the first year. Head office, cor. Yonge and Colborne streets, Toronto.

### A Profitable Appetizer.

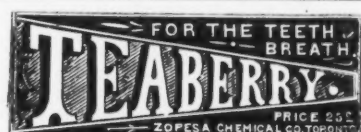
Friend—What's your hurry? Modern Composer—Just finished a new opera, and am hastening down to the De Fashion Theater to have the manager produce it.

"Think he will accept it?" "Of course." "You seem very confident." "I am. He owns the saloon next door to the theater, doesn't he?" "Yes." "Well, my new opera has fifteen drinking songs in it."—N. Y. Weekly.

### Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside the electric-lighted and steam heated vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "For further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. For detailed information address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Smallwort—I hear that Mrs. Lease is going to California. I wonder if the climate will agree with her? Ford—It will if it knows its business.



WALTER BAKER & CO.

PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

HIGHEST AWARDS

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS

In Europe and America.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

"The sweet atmosphere was tinged with the perfumy breath which always surrounded her."

Mrs. Oliphant.

What an odd expression! The lady referred to must have been using some of these perfumes of exquisite fragrance manufactured by Piesse & Lubin of London, Eng. These perfumes, OPOPONAX, LOXOTUS and FRANGIPANNI are the most fashionable of the day. Your druggist has them or will procure them for you.

Perfume from every flower that breathes a fragrance.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a deliciously flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a proper, nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.

Homeopathic Chemists - London, England

"CREAM-CORN"

IMPROVES FLOUR Makes the most delicious HOT BISCUITS

NO OTHER LEAVEN REQUIRED.

Sold by all Grocers. 25c. per large tin.

W. C. DUNN & CO., LONDON AND CANADA.

Davidson & Hay, Agents, Toronto.



## Between You and Me.

I WAS reading such a funny little book the other day, called *The Art of Letter Writing*. It gave directions for the proper forms of address and expression in social and business matters, and plenty of information sure to be of great value to those not to the manor born, but, after all, it never touched the letters that are as nectar to rain-water in comparison with the sort duly set forth in *The Art of Letter Writing*. A great many foolish letters are written, a great many hasty ones. Everyone is not a lawyer, with a holy horror of putting things in black and white. One writes an impulsive letter straight from the heart, over-freighted perhaps with ill-expressed sentiment; a sort of *tele-a-tele* letter, as it were. In nine cases out of ten, that letter becomes the property of some third party, either through carelessness or lack of proper respect on the part of the recipient. There is positively no forgiveness for the one who makes family fare of a *tele-a-tele* letter. Yet plenty of good people do just that thing. One knows it, and can guard against it, or one doesn't know, and is food for criticism, surmise and misunderstanding. Men carry letters for weeks in breast pockets of coats that hang in many houses; women carry letters in bags, pull them out and drop them when in a hurry for their fare in a crowded car. The other day I picked up a letter and gave it to the woman who dropped it. I saw the address, couldn't very well help it. She was horribly put out and began a long explanation of its contents. I laughed and pulled one from my muff bearing the same address, and told her she shouldn't hear what was inside it. I have no doubt one was as irreproachable as the other.

A great deal of money is wasted for the transmission of letters that have no excuse for existence, but sometimes the little two or three cent stamp brings one many dollars' worth of precious words. I have been gloating over a pretty decent budget to-day, ten cents' worth that ten dollars would not buy. The slightly wavering lines from the convalescent; the deep, heavy down strokes from the bluff old sea dog, whose heart is big and hand to match; the cranky foreign twirls from far Hungary; the even, strong, honest letters with firmly crossed t's and snappy finals from the clever woman nearer by. The only drawback to my happiness seems to be that they've all got to be answered and time is so short!

Once I found among my papers in a certain corner a letter which I shall never forget, though I would if I could. It was sealed in a blank envelope, a bulky little screed, and I wondered what I had stored up and forgotten as I tore it open. A red rose fell out, a faint perfume came from the closely written sheets. I read every word of that letter with much amazement, and then I put the rose in and sealed up the sheets and laid them gently away, not knowing then or now who wrote it nor how I came by it. It was the heart-broken appeal of a maid to a man, the history of a love unrequited or grown weary; the red rose was more than a rose, it was the heart of a woman breaking with pain. And the exasperating part was, and is, that the envelope was blank, the letter gave no clue, and perhaps the wandering lover might have come back to his red rose sweetheart if her appeal had only reached him.

Mary, the colored cook, gave warning. Her mistress protested she couldn't live without her faithful sable servant of ten peaceful years. Mary confessed to matrimonial intentions and named the Chinese laundryman as her partner in foolishness. The mistress was aghast. She argued, scolded and finally wound up with, "But, Mary, if you should have any children. Think of it!" "I know, Miss; I have thought. I know dey'd be Jews, but I can't help it!" said Mary desperately. And her mistress collapsed, breathless.

Have you seen the ring puzzle? The other night in the train a book peddler introduced it to a car full of bored voyageurs. It is a small brass disc with a hole in the center and many perforations all around that hole. A split-ring hangs from a perforation and the center hole, and has to be passed by a set route through many perforations and finally off over the outer edge. The book peddler gave us each one and went placidly out. We began passing the split-ring; we wiggled it back and forth, down side tracks into *coul de sac* perforations; we frowned and glanced at the next puzzler; we frowned back and set his teeth. The colored porter begged for mine to have a try; he tried for fifteen minutes. The lawyer tried, the young lady tried, a valet and a lady's maid tried. Finally one young man sat back with a satisfied air. "Did you do it?" we all cried out. He held up the disc with the little ring ready to fall over the outer edge. We all seized our puzzles again, but that ring would not come where it should. Then the peddler came back to take up the puzzles. He gathered in dimes instead. Someone said, "Hang it all; can you do it?" The peddler smiled. "With my eyes shut," he said calmly. "Then show us how, will you please?" said the judge, and he showed him, just giving a few twists and twirls and the thing was off. Then we all had to be shown, just to convince us that the discs were properly perforated. Then we worked away again. One by one we got the secret; all except the delicate gentleman in the nippers who sat gazing at his puzzle and shaking his head despondently and remarking, "It's really very exasperating, but mine won't come." I showed him, the peddler showed him, we got quite excited over his slowness of comprehension, but I don't think he ever got the ring over the edge, though he worked at it surreptitiously for hours.

LADY GAY.

## Wanted Amusement.

Hostess—I will have to leave you a little while. What can I do for your amusement while I am out?  
Little Visitor—I wish you would let me look at your family album.  
"Do you think you will enjoy that?"  
"I guess so. Mamma says everybody laughs over it."—Good News.

How's that, Umpire?



Temperance Orator—When the rich man was in torment, what was it he besought the poor and lowly Lazarus to bring him to quench his thirst? Not brandy, not gin, not whisky, nor yet beer, but water, my friends, water; and what does that show us—  
Voice—Shows us where you teetotalers go to!—Pick-Me Up.

## Books and Authors.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has reviewed Mr. Pope's memoirs of the late Sir John Macdonald, in the *Illustrated London News*, and I reproduce a few of his most important paragraphs: "Sir John Macdonald was supposed to be in face very like Disraeli. Some who knew both men could see no resemblance at all between the Highlander and the Hebrew. The characters of the two men had hardly anything in common, unless it were freedom from certain moral conventionalities. Disraeli was highly imaginative. He was a maker of programmes and phrases. There was nothing of this in Sir John Macdonald. In fact, the political element in which he moved was one in which 'Coningsby' would have been utterly lost. He was simply a party manager and Parliamentary tactician, first-rate in his kind. If he had any counterpart in British politics, it was Palmerston rather than Disraeli. He resembled Palmerston, too, as a speaker. He was not eloquent. He did not much prepare his speeches. He was unfinished; sometimes even ungrammatical and confused. But, like Palmerston, he was always ready, was always adroit, and always touched the right chord to win him votes. He took care, too, never to weary the House. His biographer aptly compares his speeches with those of another distinguished Canadian whom British audiences have now the privilege of hearing, and who rarely spoke in Parliament without exhausting the whole subject he rose to discuss, and who, by reason of his desire to avail himself of everything that bore on his argument, frequently succeeded in producing weariness rather than conviction in minds less gifted than his own." Sir John was a political orator. He spoke for Parliamentary or popular votes; and with that object in view confined himself to leading points, leaving minor points out of sight. His rival's style, like his mind, was forensic, and he thrashed out the whole case, taking the small points as well as the great, as though he were pleading before a court of law.

"Nobody ever studied the art of managing a parliament more thoroughly or successfully than Sir John Macdonald. A good observer has said of him that he knew the House as other men knew their offices; held its every clue, big and little; and the moment a new Parliament loomed above the horizon, measured it, gauged it, and saw what he could make of it. At the beginning of the session he would take his list of members, tick off the doubtful men, and mark their names with red, which, if he made them his own, was changed to blue. We are not surprised that at the end of the session most of the marks were blue. If the records of the process by which this result was brought about, and the records generally of Sir John's private dealing with an extremely curious set of politicians, could be extracted from his private correspondence and laid before us, we should have some fun, and probably a considerable feast of scandal.

"Sir John cannot be said to have been squeamish in his political associations any more than in his political tactics. The saying reported of him that the best Cabinet would be one consisting of thirteen men, each of whom, if you chose, you could put into the penitentiary, was, we may be sure, either unauthentic or not serious; yet it was rather well invented. He exercised personal as well as Parliamentary fascination; he could be all things to all men. At the refined and cultured end of the table he could be the man of refinement and culture; at the other end he could be what that other end preferred.

"Sir John's early life had been passed in political warfare of the roughest kind, and sometimes he would forget himself and break out; but as a rule he was courteous in the House. He was placable, so far at least that he never allowed his resentments to stand in the way of his ambition. His life shows that he did not love Mr. George Brown. But Mr. Brown's organ pursued him, as it pursued everybody else who did not bow to its owner's will, with a malignity and brutality such as are hardly conceivable in these days.

"Mr. Pope assures us that Sir John had strong religious convictions; that he invariably qualified his plans for the future with 'D.V.,' adding it, if it was omitted by his secretary, with his own hand; and that he was in full sym-

pathy with the objects of the Salvation Army. The religious world in general and the Salvation Army in particular will be edified and gratified by learning the fact on such excellent authority."

Recently a story was set going by the Paris press to the effect that Alexandre Dumas the elder, when at the height of his fame, accidentally dropped a twenty-franc piece in the presence of his son, and, in picking it up, said: "I am said to be extravagant, but look: I came to Paris with two louis, and I still have one left." The story was not true, but it has more foundation than most anecdotes of celebrities. M. Dumas the younger now gives a version of the occurrence, for the truth of which he vouches. "One day," says the author of *Le Demi-Monde*, "I went to see my father, and found him working away as usual. I asked him how he was, and he replied, as he went on writing, that he was very tired. I said he ought to take a rest, whereupon he opened a drawer and showing me two twenty-franc pieces, he said: 'My dear Alexandre, when I came to Paris, in 1825, I had fifty-eight francs. You see I have only forty left. Until I have made up my eighteen francs, I can not leave off work.'"

Marie Edith Beynon of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, has a story in the January number of *The Midland Monthly*, published at Des Moines. The story is entitled *Two Men and a Madonna* and is charmingly written.

The second volume of Sir Bernard Burke's *Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Colonial Gentry*, the first volume of which was published in 1891, has just been given to the public. Among the pedigrees in the work are those relating to the following families in Canada, viz.: Aylmer, Robinson, Cayley, Macdonell, Caron, Tupper, Miller, Macdougall, Allan, Archibald, Ogilvie, Kirkpatrick, Aikins, Macdonald, Lee, Stephen, Daly, Smith, Tilley, McInnes, Macpherson, Cartwright, McLaren, Lefroy, De Lery, Vankoughnet, Cassels, Grant, Hamilton, Grasset, Galt, Vail, Ridout, Gemmill and Benson.

J. Cuthbert Haddon in his new book, *Are You Married?* just published in London, gives us some idea of what leap year really meant at one time. He quotes from an old work called *Love and Matrimony* as follows: "It is now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life that as often as every bissextile year dost return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they do either by word or looks as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefits of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offers of a lady, or who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely." The privilege had its origin in an act of the Scottish Parliament passed in 1288, whereby it was 'ordained that during the reign of her most blessed Majesty Margaret, ilk maiden laide of bairn high and low estate shall have liberte to speak to the man she likes. If he refuses to take her to be his wyf he shall be mulct in the sum of one hundred pundis or less as his estate may be, except and alsais if he can make it appear that he is betrothit to another woman, then he shall be free.' These were hard times for bachelors, who nowadays can only, it is understood, be 'mulct' in a dress of silk or other handsome material."

Isaac Pitman & Sons, 3 East 14th street, New York, have published, says the Boston *Journal of Education*, in a little pamphlet a paper by E. Barker of Toronto, entitled, *Which System of Shorthand Should we Learn?* It contains a remarkably clear statement of the principles of the different systems, their origin and present value, and their relative importance and usefulness. It is a carefully written paper, based upon clear reasoning. Everyone desiring to master a system of shorthand writing should secure this essay before deciding which one to study. J. R. WYE.

## Needn't Go Now.

A wealthy old lady, one bitter cold morning, said to her servant: "James, it has been a very cold night, and I am afraid poor Widow Green is suffering. Take her a wheelbarrow load of wood. But, James, before you go, make up

this fire and put more wood on. Then give me a nice mug of flip." James obeyed and was about to start on his errand, when his mistress interposed: "Stop, James, you need not go now; the weather has moderated."—*Witty Sayings*.

## Discounting a Prophet.

A little boy, after helping himself several times to water, finally upset the glass, upon which his mother exclaimed impatiently: "My son, I knew you were going to do that."  
"Well, mother, if you had only told me in time, I would not have done it," said the boy.—*N. Y. Telegram*.

## Knowing by Experience.

"Gran'ma," said little four-year-old Austin as he twined his arms lovingly around his grandmother's neck, "you'll never know how much I love you till you have a child of your own."

## No, Sir!

A gentleman who lives in a Southern town the other day employed a carpenter to partition off a part of his study, and particularly instructed the workman to make the partition sound proof. The carpenter declared that he



Disease is an effect, not a cause. The origin is within; its manifestations without. Hence to cure the disease the cause must be removed, and in no other way can a cure ever be effected. Warner's SAFE CURE is established on just this principle. It realizes that

## 95 PER CENT.

of all diseases arise from deranged Kidneys and Liver, and it strikes at once at the root of the difficulty. The elements of which it is composed act directly upon these great organs, both as a food and restorer, and by placing them in a healthy condition, drive disease and pain from the system.

For the innumerable troubles caused by unhealthy Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs; for the distressing disorders of Women: for all Nervous Affections, and physical derangements generally, this great remedy has no equal. Its past record is a guarantee for the future.

H. H. WARNER &amp; CO.

London, Rochester, Frankfurt, Toronto, Paris, Melbourne.



Do the Fairies Help to Make

Baby's Own... Soap?

It's so Nice!

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mont's, Montreal

could do this effectually with a filling of sawdust. When it was finished, the gentleman stood on one side and called to the carpenter on the other:

"Can you hear me, Smith?"  
"No, sir, not a bit," was the prompt reply.—*Munsey's*.



Charles H. Hutchings.

## Sick Headache

CURED PERMANENTLY

BY TAKING

## Ayer's Pills

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint; but it was not until I

Began taking Ayer's Pills

that I received permanent benefit. A single box of these pills freed me from headaches, and I am now a well man."

—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

Awarded Medal at World's Fair

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Best.

## A Real ...Luxury IS A SHAVE

With Natorle PURE GREEN Castile Soap. This soap is made from the purest olive oil, is free from any injurious material, leaves a pleasant sensation after being used, and goes farther than any other toilet soap you can buy. Be careful of these highly perfumed toilet soaps. It is not always gold that glitters. This soap is only sold by—

## MacWILLIE BROS.

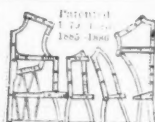
GROCERS

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING TORONTO

15c. per Lb.

Telephone 396

Mail or telephone orders receive prompt or careful attention.



## MRS. ADAIR

326A Spadina Ave.

Opposite D'Arcy.

## Artistic Dressmaker

Special attention given to Evening Dresses, Millinery and Mantles. The celebrated McDowell, New York, System of Cutting taught.

YONGE &amp; COLLEGE—Entrance 4 and 6 College Street.

## MRS. J. PHILP

Ladies and Children's Outfitter. Manufacturers of Fine Underwear for Ladies and Children. Children's Dresses—all ages. A full assortment of Baby Linen, Children's Underwear and Ladies' Underwear always in stock.

## MRS. E. SMITH

Dress and Mantle Maker

Tailor made Gowns a Specialty.

383 Church Street Toronto

## CHILDREN'S FROCKS

We make a specialty of this line. Latest styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reasonable terms.

LADIES' WORK DEPOSITORY, 18 King Street East.

## THE World's Fair Premium Tailor Dress

Cutting School. Dressmaking taught in all its latest branches. Seamstress a specialty. Day and evening classes. Miss M. FLEMING, 240 Yonge St., Up-stairs.

## MISS PLUMMER, Modiste

Room 28, Oddfellows' Building. Cor. Yonge and College Streets. Evening Dresses and Trimmings a specialty.

## FOR PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION GO TO

HUNTER, ROSE &amp; CO. 25 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Estimates given. Telephone 545.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS.

VOL. VIII] TORONTO, FEB. 23, 1895. No. 14

## Stage and Platform.

THOSE who have not read Hall Caine's latest novel—and as usual Canadians are a year behind the times in regard to this book—have probably read in our last issue, or in one of the dailies, a summary of The Manxman as dramatized from the novel by Mr. Wilson Barrett. It is only necessary then to repeat that it is the story of an honest fellow who left his betrothed in the care of a friend while he went to Kimberley, in Africa, to dig for diamonds and grow rich enough to marry; but the girl and the friend learn to love each other. The girl is frail, the friend is weak rather than vicious, but being rich and ambitious he feels that he cannot marry Katie, who is a tavern-keeper's daughter. Pete suddenly returns home and marries Katie. He loves her intensely; she lives a life for a while and then leaves him, returns for her child, and when he refuses to give up the little one she administers the last cruel blow by telling him the child is not his. At last the false friend reveals himself and begs Pete to kill him. In his fury he would do so, but is restrained and then alters his mind. The three, in the play, are, in the closing scene, thrown thus together, and each goes an opposite way, the curtain falling upon an unoccupied stage.

The play opens and closes upon an unoccupied stage, which is somewhat unusual. When the curtain first goes up we see the backyard and stables of the village hotel, and a steer, standing quietly in its quarters, looks calmly into the theater, while a couple of hens are huddled beneath a bench. Presently an upper window opens and a domestic calls loudly for Pete Quillen (Mr. Barrett) who is sawing at a fiddle behind the cow-house. This is a most effective scene. But the first act, as a whole, is tame. I think Mr. Barrett has made a mistake in departing from the author's idea. In the book it is understood that Kate loves Pete (so far as she understands herself) up to the time of his departure, and only grows to love Philip Christian when they are thrown together during Pete's absence, the latter being reported dead six months previous to his return. In the play Katie is shown to love Philip from the start, only accepting Pete's love the night of his departure and in a fit of pique because Philip has pleaded Pete's love-curse with her father. This seems to weaken the plot, for we pity Pete at the start, for he is already deceived, and we pity Katie who yields her lips and her hand to him while loving another, and we pity that other because he, apparently out of friendship, conceals his own love for Katie and pleads the cause of his boyhood's rougher comrade. In my opinion the plot is much stronger and more dramatic in the novel, where Katie only discovers the real state of her feelings after Pete has been away for a time. To follow the novel in this matter would, of course, require that Act II. be entirely changed to trace the process of this growing affection as well as indicate its tragic result. This would not improve Act II., and Mr. Barrett no doubt altered the relation of the characters in the opening situation to avoid explanations later on.

When Katie, overcome with a knowledge of the lie she is living—a husband idolizing her and the child that is not his—runs away and secretes herself in Philip's house, the gossip makes a great morsel of her flight to parts unknown. But Pete, though his heart is broken, bears up bravely and gives out that she has gone for a visit to her uncle at Liverpool. Never suspecting Philip, and anxious to keep his wife's name clean in the sight of this, their mutual friend, he even practices this worthy deceit upon Philip. He writes a letter purporting to come from Katie, goes to a distant part of the island and mails it to himself, sending also a little bonnet for the baby. He shows this letter to everyone, shows it to Philip up at the latter's house—Katie flying from one door as Pete comes in at another—and makes Philip write a letter at his dictation to Katie's alleged address in Liverpool. He does not want Philip to think that Katie has been false—Philip their good friend. And Katie is listening at the door. This is one of the strongest things I have seen on the stage.

When Pete comes home and claims Katie, Miss Maud Jeffries in the latter role does her best work. She is fine in that scene, and also in her appeals to Philip later on. But in her encounters with Pete she seems to me somewhat trifling—not quite realizing the tragedy of her life. When she seizes the axe with which Pete threatens to kill Philip, she does not seem aware that, though she says nothing, she really dominates public interest for the moment.

The part of Oscar Cregeen (pronounced Cregeen) as presented by Mr. Ambrose Manning, is alone sufficient to make the Manxman famous. The canting old hypocrite, quoting texts and practicing all uncharitableness! No better exploiting of such a character has probably ever been made. It is worth traveling a long distance to see, and it cannot be described. He is not only a text-quoter, for we have seen many such on the stage, but he is the real religious fanatic, in so far as religion can be confined to the mind and the mouth.

When his daughter comes home to throw herself on his mercy he is training the village choir to sing the hymn:

"He takes the sinner in his arms  
And brings the wanderer home."

But he sees no application of the hymn to his own case. "She has brought my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," he quotes, and "I who once held my head amongst the proudest in Israel am" crushed to earth. It will interest those who saw the play to know the end of this old humbug. He went crazy, and getting a fish-horn walked about his house blowing furiously and imagining it to be Jericho. There was a thunderstorm raging and the place was struck by lightning. In an exchange the other day I saw a quotation from Ruskin, in which he said that when a man is bad his religion is the worst part of him. This is a great truth.

Mr. Horace Hodges makes a capital Ross Christian. He is a sort of duffer, who thinks he is all right because he can trounce any man of his weight in the Isle of Man. When he and his two companions come on after a night of prize-fighting, all battered but still game for anything, singing drunkenly and he don't know where he is, the gallery almost loses its wits. Mr. Hodges makes this one of the very best things of the kind imaginable. I have seen Mr. Hodges in different places and consider him an invaluable member of Mr. Barrett's company.

Pete is such a rugged, sinewy-looking fellow that the holding of him by Katie and her father, when in his fury he attempts to brain Philip, seems hardly adequate. He could free himself with one shake. Concern for Katie's clinging fingers is only a partial excuse. It might be better for Katie, instead of seizing the axe, to throw herself protectively upon Philip, which sight would shock Pete at once into the state of mind at which he does arrive by the present process. A fake struggle, always inartistic and faulty, would thus be avoided.

In the novel Philip Christian is an admirable fellow of high honor, who is snared by a girl who sets her snare deliberately. He is socially her superior and she sets about buying him at a fatal price. She thinks Pete dead, but it would have been much the same anyhow. In the play Philip is a poor tool of a fellow, and the girl is rather nice. In the book Ross Christian is a roving blackguard who wastes his father's estate and is altogether detestable; in the play he is a game youngster, quite preferable to his sad, mooning, Fauntleroy cousin, Philip.

Othello was announced to have been played Thursday night, but it was scored off and The Manxman continued. Everyone was disappointed, because in that piece Mr. Franklyn McLeay cuts a big figure as Iago. McLeay is a Canadian and we are interested in him. He takes no part in The Manxman. We have scarcely a chance of seeing him at all. This causes talk, for Mr. McLeay's indiscreet admirers are saying that Mr. Barrett envies the Toronto boy the applause he gets here. I should be sorry to think that Wilson Barrett is small enough to fit in with this theory. His fame as an actor will suffer no diminution through being generous to a supporting player, and he might profit by letting Toronto see one of its boys cutting his biggest figure. It is unwise to run counter to the public in this way.

The management of the Toronto Opera House have contributed their share to the banner theatrical week of the season and have put up a great show, the attractiveness of which has filled every available space in the spacious house at each of the several performances. There is no stronger vaudeville company in America than Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty Co., and the entertainment which its members provided on Monday night compared most favorably with that to be witnessed at any of the first-class London music halls, the artists all being stars in their respective lines of business. One has to be careful, as a rule, in recommending a vaudeville show, because whilst one or two of the "turns" may be worthy of notice, generally there is so much inferior talent engaged that the critic hesitates to advise his readers to go and witness the show. The contrary is the case at the Toronto Opera House this week, however. An instructive and entertaining couple of hours of enjoyment may be obtained, and some of the most clever people on the variety stage may be seen in the bargain. The space at my command does not permit of my referring to all the people whose names appear on the programme, because the list is a long one. Miss Nettie Decourcy is a pleasing serio-comic vocalist, who introduces several songs, which are the more acceptable because they are up-to-date. I know it now, Girl Wanted and Will You Marry Me? being among the number. An exceedingly interesting drawing-room entertainment is furnished by Smith and Fuller, who play upon innumerable instruments and delight the audience with a clever performance on a variety of bells made entirely of bamboo, and also on the marimba, a sweet-toned instrument better known in the Southern States than in Canada. The Dmazzettes may be included among the cleverest of English acrobats and their performance on Monday night was little short of a revelation to the audience; one particularly smart piece of business by the trio being the trick in which they prove the ability of one man to jump clean through the body of another. And then Prof. Bersell is worth seeing and worthy of special mention, his rapid modeling in clay drawing forth well merited applause. Bartlett and May are clever, and Tom Mack and Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper are each amusing at their respective business. But perhaps the principal novelty of the show was Little Gerlie, described as the mental wonder. And this little mite is properly described too. She is possibly not more than five years of age, does not know the alphabet nor the difference between the figures ten and ten thousand, and yet for fifteen or twenty minutes she is continuously employed displaying a wonderfully retentive memory. She answers one hundred Biblical questions, gives an immense number of statistics relating to the

World's Fair, runs off the principal States in the union and the capital of each, together with the population of these and all the other large cities of the world, not forgetting, of course, Toronto and Hamilton, the latter place by the bye, being credited with possessing three gamblers, a policeman and a yellow dog. She also recites the names of the principal battles fought during the American war, with the dates of each, and the actual number killed; with astonishing rapidity she gives a complete list of the reigning powers of Europe and the dates of coronation; and the Presidents of the United States, dates of election, etc., besides much other statistical information is imparted by this wonderful child. An amusing incident occurred the other evening. The audience were calling the names of the principal states and countries and Little Gerlie was responding with the name of the capitals. Suddenly, from the upper gallery came the query: "St. John's Ward?" The child paused for a second and then shaking her tiny forefinger at the "gods" she exclaimed, "It isn't on the map." One of the best flat foot and buck dancers I remember ever seeing is found in Bert Jordan, whose "turn" has a semblance of novelty about it, in that he dances in evening dress. Fulgora, a remarkably clever lightning change artist, furnishes a fitting conclusion to the best entertainment provided by Manager Small for many a long day.

It was reasonable to suppose that after the highly meritorious presentation of Betsy last year, the Trinity Dramatic Club would have drawn full houses at the Academy last Friday and Saturday, when Pinero's play, The Magistrate, was staged. Although the attendance was larger than last year, still it was not so large as it should have been. The Magistrate a few years ago had quite a successful run in London and New York, but, so far as I know, was never presented in Toronto until this occasion. Mrs. Posket, while the widow of one Farrington had met and married Mr. Posket, the Magistrate of Mulberry street station, giving her age as thirty-one. Her son, Cis, was nineteen, and when the time came to bring him home she decided to palm him off as being only fourteen. He was kept in Eton jackets and the servants played with him and lady visitors let him sit upon their knees, much to his mother's distress of mind. Mr. Posket is a singularly simple gentleman, and falls under the sway of his precocious stepson, who, among other things, teaches him a new and fascinating game of cards, at which the boy always wins the stakes, though holding out encouraging hopes that the old fellow will win when he grows more proficient. Mr. Posket informs his wife that Col. Lukyn will be around next evening for dinner, and his wife recalls that it was the colonel who stood godfather to her boy nineteen years ago. She finds out the soldier's address, and with her sister, who has arrived on a visit, goes to see him, under pretense of calling on a friend. She desires to implore him not to speak of her boy's age. The moment the ladies go out the irrepressible boy comes in and jollies his stepfather into going with him to the Hotel Des Princes, where he has had a room rented. The magistrate considers it all very wicked, but with an idea of putting a stop to such proceedings finally consents to go. Before he knows what has happened—things happen so fast—the stepson has caused him to pin up a notice to the servants saying that they have gone to bed and must not be disturbed, and a servant appearing he bribes him to keep quiet. He chides the wicked boy, but is bounced out and chucked into a cab. At the hotel the boy introduces him as one Skinner, a jolly good fellow who can set the pace. The landlord persuades them to accept another room, as an army officer is coming with a friend to spend the evening in that very room, which he had formerly occupied. They retire, Mr. Posket carrying himself gaily, as Mr. Skinner's reputation seems to require. Of course it is Col. Lukyn who has secured the room and brings along Capt. Horace Vale, who is engaged to Mrs. Posket's sister Charlotte. Of course, also, Mrs. Posket, not finding the Colonel at his rooms, follows to the hotel and craves a moment's private conversation. Capt. Vale is put out upon the balcony and the ladies enter. It begins to rain in torrents, and the landlord, when questioned on passing through, conveys to the Colonel the reassuring intelligence that the balcony opens only upon this one room and is, moreover, unsafe to stand upon. This scene is protracted until the landlord comes in and states that closing-up time has passed and the police have swooped down upon them. He begs them all to hide, which they do—Charlotte and Capt. Vale behind the sofa, Mrs. Posket under the table and the Colonel behind the curtains that shut off the balcony. Then the landlord with an apology admits the fugitives from the next room, into which the police are entering, and Mr. Posket hides under the table with his wife without recognizing her. Just as the police discover the party, the stepson seizes Mr. Posket and drags him to the balcony, which goes down with them. The others give their names, the gentlemen gallantly supplying fictitious ones for the ladies. But the Inspector sees through this and orders his men to follow the ladies home to ascertain their correct names, which so enrages Col. Lukyn that he attacks the police, and all four are arrested and removed to the police station. The magistrate and his stepson escape after spending the night in flight, and the former ascends the bench in the morning tattered and muddy. In his confusion, when the prisoners are brought out he sentences them to seven days' hard labor without the option of a fine. Things are in a bad way until Mr. Bullamy, another magistrate, sets aside the sentence on a technicality. The stepson's wild habits are revealed to his fond mother, and she confesses to Posket her little deceit regarding her age and that of her son. Posket offers the youth a thousand pounds the day he will marry the music teacher and start for Canada, and a very amusing and eventful comedy comes to a close.

The great, and almost the only fault, in this performance was the way in which all the characters avoided the audience with their eyes. On the stage a person should face the audience—or at least should not show consciousness of the public presence by studied avoidance of it. It breaks the spell and spoils the illusion that might be formed. H. G. Osborne as Cis Farrington has made a great hit, and I agree with a gentleman who remarked that Osborne could play the title role in The New Boy. A. B. Pottinger was a delightfully simple Mr. Posket, and repeated his triumph of last year. H. B. Gwyn made a good, though not an ideal Col. Lukyn. In places he was perfect, though in others he might have shown more energy and anger. He should have stormed at the Inspector and spluttered and fumed at the Magistrate when that worthy refused to hear the real names of the lady prisoners. I regard the part of Col. Lukyn the most difficult of the piece, and Mr. Gwyn merits a compliment for making as much of it as he did. E. C. Cattanch as Capt. Horace Vale has an accent and a demeanor that should make his fortune on the stage. He has vastly improved in acting since his last public appearance. C. A. Seager as Inspector Messier gave us one of the best bits of acting in the cast. He had a small part, but certain casual, nodding acquaintances of mine, who know something of police inspectors, have assured me that his Inspector Messier was a bit of art. As for Mr. Beecher's Sergeant Lugg, I expected every moment that he would order me to move on. E. P. O'Reilly as Mr. Bullamy, D. M. Rogers as the landlord, J. D. McMurrich as Mr. Wormington and C. S. Wilkie as Wyke handled their parts better than such small parts are usually handled in professional casts, while Mr. Cleworth as Isadore gave us a glimpse of his undoubted talent as an actor. I have left mention of the ladies to the last. Mrs. Cecil Gibson as Mrs. Posket was free from the amateur fault of avoiding the audience with her eyes and gave an altogether charming delineation of the character in hand. Her work in the second act had nothing of the amateur about it. Miss Shanly as Charlotte made the very most of a part not crowded with opportunities, while Miss Edith Howard as Popham was a delightful housemaid. Mrs. Cleworth, with a consistent art that has marked all her appearances in the theatricals here, played the part of Beatrice Tomlinson, the music teacher. The Magistrate is a capital piece, but I would suggest that next year a comedy be selected in which the ladies will have a better opportunity for displaying their talents.

Since making an enquiry in these columns a few weeks ago as to why our able clergymen do not more often appear upon the lecture platform, I have been keeping an eye upon the reverend gentlemen and am pleased to report that they have grown more active in this respect. Rev. William Patterson of Cooke's church lectured on The Boyne, Aughrim and Derry in his church one evening last week; Rev. W. F. Wilson is advertised to lecture in the village of Bolton on Friday evening, March 1, but I have not heard what subject he has selected; Tuesday evening Rev. Dr. Withrow lectured in the Metropolitan church on Paris, the lecture being illustrated with limelight views by Mr. F. B. Whittemore; Rev. J. H. Long of Hamilton lectured on The Church and Labor, in Forum Hall, on Sunday afternoon last, before the Union for Practical Progress. A minister who has not ceased to think must store up a great fund of ideas, as I said once before—ideas not exactly suitable for pulpit use, yet entertaining and instructive to those whose guide he is. I shall be glad to receive any news regarding lectures given by other ministers. It may also be mentioned here that Mr. Frank Yeigh gave his interesting lecture, The Wonders of Norway, in West Association Hall last Friday evening. Mr. F. B. Whittemore supplying the views. Dr. Stafford lectured in Association Hall, Yonge street, on What Makes Men Insane, the anxiety of the public to ascertain the cause of insanity being such that many could not gain admission.

James H. Wallick, the popular heroic actor, will begin a week's engagement at the Toronto Opera House on Monday. Mr. Wallick, gifted by nature with a robust form, expressive face, and sonorous voice, looks and acts the burly brave hero of nature, and aided by his effective brute assistants, Raider, Charger and Texas, gives a faithful rendition of life as it is in the West. The Bandit King, which will be the play presented by him next week, has been played with Mr. Wallick in the title role over 3,000 times and has just been revised and re-written, making it up-to-date in every respect. The part of Joe Howard as played by Mr. Wallick is one that has made him famous all over the United States. The part is one requiring a robust physique and stentorian voice, both of which Mr. Wallick possesses. Staged in a very artistic manner, with picturesque and special scenery, the play serves to introduce his famous acting horses Raider, Texas and Pete, who really act and are part of the play. Other actors have introduced horses on the stage as an accessory attraction, whether they belonged in the play or not, but to Mr. Wallick belongs the honor of being the first, and distinctly the only actor, who has had plays written for the purpose of presenting horses playing parts; in which horses were necessary for their proper production, and which could not be played without them, so, catering to the popular taste and trying to please all classes of theater-goers, Mr. Wallick ought to draw big houses all the week.

The advance sale of seats for the illustrated lecture by Mr. Frederick Villiers on Monday evening is, I am glad to hear, quite large. It is already clear that a fine audience will greet the lecturer, and it is equally certain that an extremely rare treat is in store for those who attend. We get such meagre reports of the war in China that we cannot form any correct idea of what battles mean in which the Celestials are cut down in thousands. The stereoscopic views with which this lecture will be illustrated, accompanied by the explanations of Mr. Villiers, who was the photographer and an eye-witness of the scenes depicted, assure us that Monday evening will put us in possession of more information about the Port Arthur massacre and other incidents of the war than all the newspaper accounts and magazine articles we can ever hope to read.

Lady Henry Somerset's lecture engagement here has been cancelled owing to illness.

## To a Violet.

For Saturday Night.

Wee, modest, shrinking over  
What gaze ye hide?  
What gaze ye free us cover?  
Hae ye nae pride?  
Who could believe that leaves  
Just at our feet  
Held a wee flower which breathes  
A scent sae sweet?  
And yet do we no find  
True worth aye shuns  
Tae bring its worth tae mind?  
But off it runs.  
It's no the deeds  
O' modest men and just  
Resolve their meeds,  
They blossom 't the dust.

Toronto.

J. B. FERGUSON.

## Life.

For Saturday Night.

In the morning, sunbricht morning,  
Life's a laugh, a dance of joy,  
Springtime on the hills around us,  
Naught our golden hopes alloy.  
At the noonday, brilliant noonday  
Summer's heat and labor long,  
There is dying 't the weakling,  
There is victory for the strong.  
In the twilight, saddening twilight,  
Autumn cooling, shortening light,  
And the days are growing weary  
Onward towards the coming night.  
Now 't the night, dark lonely night-time  
Winter's snow and icy blast  
Chilling hearts, life's work unfinished  
Dying on the hills at last.

Montreal.

W. REDLAC.

## Miss Marjorie's Valentine.

For Saturday Night.

With fingers all a-tremble,  
And dimpled cheeks a-flame,  
She holds the Dainty missive  
And scans the written name.  
"Miss Marjorie Montanoy,  
You, surely 'tis for me.  
I wonder who has sent it!"  
She murmurs wistfully.  
" 'Tis not from Tom or Clarence,  
Their writing well I know."  
Her gentle heart's a-throbbing,  
Her eyes, like jewels, glow.  
At length she tears it open,  
With eager, anxious thrill;  
And from its creamy prison  
There floats—a dry goods bill.

JOHN HANSON.

## Clearer Moments.

For Saturday Night.

The green of leaves against a sunny sky,  
Nights of the North, when the white stars seem high,  
Still water spaces, fringed rushes gray,  
With lines of wild fowl passing far away;  
White rise of dunes across a shoreless sea,  
Chasing the darkness o'er the waters free,  
Vast fields of ice, that stretch before us far,  
To where a great berg sparkles like a star;  
When viewing these calm moments when we see  
Dimly, the endless life that is to be.

ROBERT GOURLEY.

## Pain.

For Saturday Night.

A lowly creature in the Indian Sea  
Far down beneath the sunlit tropic wave  
Received a guest into his fathomless cave,  
Whose name was Pain, who straightaway perorology  
Did probe the mussel's heart; and here do we  
Behold the argent moon such anguish gave,  
A pearl rare formed by oceanic slave,  
A beautiful mass from long, long agony  
In days of gloom, when Pain sits by our board,  
To fill dark hours with suffering hard to bear,  
To plunge in us full of his trenchant sword,  
Still let us think in time of deep despair  
Within our citadel is being stored  
Much sweetness, lucency, a pearl rare fair.

W. T. ALLISON.

## Jenny and I.

(Lines to a Favorite Mate.)

For Saturday Night.

Over the smooth roads onward we race,  
Leaving of passage never a trace,  
Snow whirling freely, lightly we fly,  
Happy and careless, Jenny and I.  
Friends are we truly, reins but a bond  
Between us. We aim for the mountainous beyond,  
Where on the hillside gaily we fly,  
To sound of the sleigh bells, Jenny and I.  
Shining shoes flying, hoofs keeping time,  
Bells for our music, 'mid frost and 'mid rime,  
Onward so gaily, safely we fly  
Thro' drift and thro' level, Jenny and I.  
We heed not the storm, we laugh as the snow  
Covers us up. 'Ere the chilly winds blow;  
Aha! for real pleasure, for hours of care,  
When the snow like a blanket is spread everywhere.  
Jenny, I love you, though softness may say  
A horse is not mortal and has but its day;  
As far on our travels we fly merrily,  
That thought does not trouble Jenny and me.  
You know it, you fly, I can tell by your ears,  
That everything notes, that every sound hears;  
I can see by your action as onward we fly,  
That love is the bond between Jenny and I.

FIDELIA H. HOLLAND.

## War Averted.

An uncompromising-looking man walked into the bank and presented a cheque at the cashier's counter. The cashier said to him as politely as possible:

"I don't know you, sir. You must get identified."  
"That's my name then," replied the stranger curtly. "Jonathan Windam."  
"Yes, but I don't know you."  
"No, didn't suppose you did, young man; I never was introduced to you. But if I have come from the country, I ain't goin' to be asked by any such little feller as you!"  
The cashier, restraining a smile, said gravely:  
"You must prove your identity, sir, before I can cash your cheque."  
"But" (this in a tone of triumph), "it says 'payable to my order,' and I order it paid! You can't get around that, young man; I order it paid!"  
Just then someone that knew him came in, and the old farmer departed with his money.—Yorkville (S. E.) Engineer.

Mrs. Impudence—This gold reserve we see so much about in the papers nowadays, do you know what it is? Impudence—Er—no; unless it is the manner in which that metal persists in holding aloof from the most of us.



## A Romance of the Winnipeg Boom.

BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

I MET an ex-Mayor of Winnipeg the other day. I asked after a mutual friend. "Oh, he's book-keeping in a boot and shoe store now," he said. "Book-keeping?" I cried in astonishment. "Good heavens, he was worth \$400,000 at the time of the boom. How did he lose it?" "Because he was a blank fool," answered the Winnipeg magnate. "He dropped it in real estate." I reminded my Western friend that it didn't exactly become him to speak harshly of real estate speculators. He had made over \$100,000 in the same boom. "So I did, so I did," he said. "I made it for the same reason that he lost. I was a blank fool, too. We were all blank fools then."

Now I knew a fellow in Winnipeg in the old boom days who wasn't altogether a fool. He was a bank clerk. The young ladies of Ontario country towns had tried hard to convince him that he was an extraordinary young man. He wasn't. He half agreed with the feminine verdict, as bank clerks will do, played tennis in the summer and hockey in the winter, danced well, dressed well and otherwise was undistinguishable from the thousand and one other young men who in the general office struggle with an incipient mustache and an idea that they are pillars of a financial institution with a paid up capital of \$12,500,000. But he had a head on him. He must have had, for when he and his fox terrier landed in Winnipeg the boom was at its height, and though it rather took his breath away he didn't straightway buy \$5,000 worth of real estate with a \$600 deposit; he didn't resign his position in the bank and write off to every man in Ontario with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, to send him up all the money he could lay his hands on and he would make him a millionaire in two months and a half. He felt like it once and he told old Bob Gerrie that if he went into a certain deal he would be let in on the ground floor. But Mr. Gerrie whispered in broad Scotch through the teller's window, "Be cannie, laddie; ye'll maistly find that when ye're let in on the ground floor there's a son of a gun in the cellar," and he escaped. When nearly the whole male population were buying villa lots nine miles from the postoffice at so much per foot or selling Main street lots on a vacant quarter section called Beautiful City, to Toronto capitalists, and everybody was talking about the thousands—never hundreds—that they had made, were making, or were about to make, he balanced his cash regularly, slipped over to the Bodega for his modest sherry and bitters, dined at the Potter and schemed the rest of the evening to see a girl. That's what saved him. What vaccination is to smallpox, love, a good healthy first love, was about the only known preventive to boom fever. In this case it took. There were few unmarried ladies in Winnipeg in those days and if King street, Toronto, on a Saturday afternoon could have been emptied at the corner of Portage avenue and Main street, Winnipeg, it would have "bust" the boom inside of a week. The young lady's father, like the majority of Westerners, disagreed entirely with the Ontario country opinion of bank clerks, and when the matter had been hinted to him said in racy Manitoba, "Not by a town site," and accordingly the course of true love, like the Red River, was swift, but required ingenuity to navigate. The father was rich and as deep in real estate as a man can be without having taken the leading part in a funeral, and had an unhealthy scorn of men who didn't believe that Winnipeg would be larger than Chicago in four years and that the ice on Hudson Bay was never thick enough for skating purposes, and this bank clerk was sceptical as to both these articles of the boomster's creed. Well, the boom and the love affair, like the terms of a pickpocket sentence, ran concurrently. In the early spring of 1882, when the floods came and Ontario capital became more timid, men began to ask themselves the question how long is this thing going to be kept up? and as nearly everybody was carrying more Manitoba real estate than his bank account warranted or his boots were supposed to pack around, times were slippery. Winnipeg mud is proverbially sticky, and I leave it to half of Ontario if they were not stuck up there. It began to dawn on the people that there was a great disproportion between the number of sellers and the number of buyers, but they stoically shoveled the mud from their shoes and prayed for a Toronto capitalist or an Englishman. Then came the Edmonton boom, the last expiring gasp of the historic Winnipeg boom, the final act of the serio-comic play with the whole strength of the company on the stage, until with a maddening melody from the orchestra the curtain dropped midst the mingled cheers and groans of gallery and pit. If you have "sat in" to a "little game" and held nothing higher than a miserable two pairs for three mortal hours, the chances are that there is a good deal of your money in the game, and that when you strike a modest three of a kind you must exercise a certain amount of self-control or you will bet as if you had a full house on aces. Now that is human nature and it explains the Edmonton boom.

When the Hudson Bay Company first placed Edmonton lots on the market in Winnipeg, asked one hundred dollars apiece, the bank clerk, thinking about the girl and the future, determined very sensibly that that was about the proper value at that time and it would be a good investment for a spare five hundred dollars that he had, and accordingly was one of the first purchasers of Edmonton lots, one-third cash, balance in three equal annual payments, Hudson Bay agreements, and went back to his teller's box with an agreement for fifteen several lots on Jasper avenue, Edmonton, in his pocket. At noon those lots could have been sold for two hundred dollars apiece; at four o'clock he had an appointment with the girl and didn't know that people were tumbling over each other to give three hundred and fifty dollars for them. Next day was the end of the month and he was so busy rushing through his work, in order to go to a stag party at the girl's father's that evening, that he wouldn't listen to proposals to sell at eight hundred or nine hundred dollars a lot, for by

this time it had spread throughout the city that he had fifteen of the choicest lots on Jasper avenue. Nobody knew much about them, but they thought so. He told the dozens of eager, would-be purchasers to call around to-morrow. He was busy. That evening Jasper avenue lots were held at one thousand and two thousand dollars apiece.

Of all the wild and exciting scenes of the Winnipeg real estate craze, none equalled the mad delirium of the Edmonton boom. It lasted hardly forty-eight hours, but it was the concentrated essence of the real estate gambling spirit boiled down; the last mad plunge of recklessness. It was the crisis of the fever and the boom collapsed. Nothing could survive the utter folly of an one thousand per cent rise in the real estate of a comparatively well known village in two days.

It was the boom reduced to an absurdity. At the dinner party the bank clerk was the lion of the evening. He had made a clean \$15,000 they told him. Edmonton real estate, the return of confidence and the continuation of the boom were the all-absorbing subjects of the conversation of the joyous revelers, and the wine flowed freely. When congratulated by shrewd capitalists on his marvelous acumen and called Bob, his opinion asked and chaffed for being a "deep un" by men who had manipulated deals in the tens of thousands, he said nothing, looked wise and watched for a chance to see the girl. In the midst of a story about a Montreal man having shown in the face of natural history that suckers will bite, he slipped up to the drawing-room and laid the state of affairs before the girl. The girl was a daughter of her father and knew when to take advantage of a rising market, and in fifteen minutes a fond but worldly old father was waylaid in the hall on his return from overseeing the decanting of a fresh relay of claret, by a girl "all tured round the lasses" and a bank clerk, then rushed into the library and had said, "Bless you, my children" before he knew whether it was the girl's tears, the Edmonton boom or the claret that had made him yield. "Wouldn't it be peculiarly appropriate"—now here is where I prove my statement that the bank clerk was no fool—"to announce our engagement to-night in the dining-room?"

"By Jove, good idea. I will," said the father. And he did, but the bank clerk only remembers hearing midst the storm of congratulations and handshakings, disconcerted remarks from his host about "a father's heart," "good daughter," "young Napoleon of real estate," "a happy life," "young country," "Hub of the Universe," "illimitable possibilities," "Hudson Bay Railroad," "No. 1 hard," "sixty bushels to the acre," "glorious climate," and "never feel the cold." Next morning when the old gentleman went down town he found he could purchase a varied and assorted number of Edmonton lots for about \$105 a lot provided he paid for the conveyancing.

"That is my boom experience," said the bank clerk (he is now a manager) at one of his Sunday dinners when he gave us the details. "There"—he bowed to the other end of the table—"is my North-West investment," and, as the nurse paraded four sturdy little youngsters in for dessert, "These are my profits."

### Bill's Widdler.

The road up the mountain was hard to climb on horseback, but when I reached the top of the gap a beautiful view was spread before me. Like a strand of twisted silver the Cumberland river was woven in and out among the trees of the valley, and far, far away the green of the forests stretched until it faded into the blue of the distant sky. After gazing on the magnificent scene for a few moments I got off my horse to fix my saddle girth, and while I was about it a mountaineer came out of the woods by the roadside.

"How are you?" said I. "Have you a piece of string that I can tie up this girth with?" "Sorry, mister," said he, "but I hain't."

"How far is it to the nearest house? Maybe I can get it there."

"Like's not you kin. It's about half a mile down the mountain."

"Who lives there?"

"The Widdler Blinksins."

"Not Sam Blinksins' widow?" I asked in astonishment, for only a week before I had met Sam down in Pineville in a timber trade.

"No. It's Bill's."

"I knew he had a brother, but I didn't know he was dead," said I, considerably relieved.

"He ain't dead," said he, grinning. "It's his grass widdler."

"Oh, Bill has skipped, has he?"

"Well sorter, you may say. You see, Bill's wife owned the farm, and he kinder took it easy till she got her dander up, and then case he wouldn't work she tuck it into her head to pester the life outen him and keep him from inj'yn' his rest. It kep' on from bad to wuss till at last she tuck a club and druv Bill offen the place. And Bill told her he'd be derved ef he'd ever come back forever."

"When did all this happen?"

"Only jist this mornin'."

"Well, I guess I had better stop there, had I?"

"In course, mister," he said urgently. "She ain't fierce to strangers."

With this assurance I started on, and as I turned in the road he called to me:

"Say, mister, won't you tell the widdler that you seen Bill up in the mountain lookin' powerful lonesome!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Noblesse Oblige.

"Hello, Harkaway, are you still in town? I thought you had moved out west and gone into the mining business."

"No, I didn't go. That scheme fell through."

"Then you're not going to leave us?"

"Oh, yes. I'm getting ready to move."

"Where are you going?"

"I haven't decided yet, but I've got to go somewhere, Higgins. The boys in the clubs I belong to have given me half a dozen farewell dinners, and as a gentleman and a man of my word I can't stay here any longer after that."

Chicago Tribune.

## Who Are Your Ideal Lovers?

Our Correspondent puts this question to a Number of Prominent New Yorkers.

WHO are the ideal lovers? "Many men are of many minds" truly, and no two answers to my question were quite the same. The range was a long one, from the lovers of six hundred years ago, when Dante and Beatrice, and Petrarch and Laura sang love songs to each other, down to our own century, when Queen Victoria chose her Prince with a little bunch of violets, and Robert and Elizabeth Browning lived for each other in sunny Italy, and the Czar of all the Russias found time on his death bed to plan a birthday gift for the beautiful wife who was his sweetheart through a quarter of a century of married life. Here are the answers, as varied as the faces and the minds of the persons who gave them to me:

"You won't think that I am affecting the English, or that I do not know numbers of delightful American lovers," said Ward McClellan a little while before his death, in answer to my question, "when I tell you that, to my mind, the most perfect lovers in song or story were Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Do you remember how the story of their courtship goes? I was reading it just the other day. It was high time for the young Queen to choose her husband, and the Lord High Cham-

berlain arranged for a magnificent state ball, at which all of the eligible suitors should be present."

"Dancing in the minut near the Queen was the dashing, handsome young Prince Albert, and he alone of all the goodly company found favor in her sight. She took from her bosom a bunch of violets and as she passed him in the dance he found the flowers pressed into his hand. There was but one meaning in the dainty gift, and that was that the young girl Queen had chosen him for her lord and lover. Isn't that a pretty bit of romance? But best of all, they were lovers all through their happy wedded life."

"My ideal lover is rather composite," said Mrs. George Gould. "If in one man could be found the ardor and beauty of Romeo, the honesty of Petrarch, the wisdom and learning of Dante and the physical strength of Leander, who breathed the Hellespont so many times, I think that man would be the ideal lover."

"Why, Cinderella and the Fairy Prince, of course," said Mrs. Paron Stevens when I pro-

posed the question to her. "I like Claude because he is strong and brave and true. Mr. Irving and Ellen Terry almost converted me to giving Romeo and Juliet first place in my affections, but their going off and dying in the vault was too weak for anything. If they had not done that, but had lived on happily and sensibly, they would have been ideal."

Mrs. George B. McClellan is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. She has in her beautiful home more relics and personal belongings of the Little Corporal than any woman in America, with the possible exception of Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, a cousin of the Duchess of Manchester. Mrs. McClellan says that Napoleon is her ideal lover. "Everyone has a right to one's own interpretation of the character of this wonderful man, and although mine may not be a popular choice, I am of the opinion that, for breadth and depth and pure unselfishness, I know of no love in fiction or reality which excelled that of Napoleon and Josephine each for the other."

"What love in all romance or history equalled that of the late Czar of Russia for his beautiful Danish wife Dagmar?" said Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, president of Sorosis, the great woman's club. "A beautiful story of his devotion has just come to light. It seems that on every birthday the Czar placed in the Czarina's boudoir a magnificent bunch of flowers, and secreted somewhere among the roses was a case containing some beautiful jewel, selected months before. The Czarina admired a beautiful bracelet when she and the Czar were selecting jewels for their wedding gift to the then Princess Alix. After the Czar's death Dagmar's birthday came, and in her boudoir she found her flowers and among them a casket, sealed by the late Czar's own hand and containing the bracelet which she had admired almost a year before. Knowing that he could not be with her on this usually festive day, he had directed his son to place the jewel and the flowers where his mother would find them, and then to be near at hand to comfort her. These royal lovers, who shared deadly peril by day and by night, at home and abroad, were, to me, ideal lovers."

New York, Feb. 20. S. E.

## Notes on Music and Drama.

Joe Murphy will make his annual visit to the Grand next week.

Henry George will draw a large crowd to Massey Hall next Friday evening, when he will deliver his great lecture on the Single Tax.

The Colonel and I will be put on at the Academy of Music next week. During the present week The Lily Club Company has been playing a return engagement.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the famous Brooklyn divine, whose sermons reach more readers than those of any other preacher have ever done, will lecture in Massey Hall next Thursday evening.

The attractions at Duncombe's Opera House, St. Thomas, this week have been: Thomas Q. Seabrooke, February 19; Davenport Bros. & Far, 21 and 23, and the Cosgrove Family February 22. On February 27 Katie Emmett will hold the boards.

Prof. Garner lectured before the Canadian Institute last Saturday night on Monkey Language. His theories on the subject have aroused an unusual interest in scientific circles everywhere, and the evidence he puts forward seems to be at once incredible and convincing.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have published an effective waltz, for piano, by F. J. Hutton (Mrs. Moore) of London, Ont. Like all compositions from the same pen, this work is characterized by considerable originality in its treatment and evidences of unusual talent on the part of the composer throughout. The name of the waltz, Golden Tints, is cleverly brought out on the handsomely illuminated title page.

An enjoyable harp recital by Signor Fabiani, who has recently come to reside in Toronto, was given at the Young Women's Christian Association Hall on Monday evening last. Signor Fabiani showed remarkable skill in his work, which was highly appreciated by the audience present. Assistance was rendered during the evening by Herr H. Klingensfeld, violinist, Mme. Klingensfeld and Mr. A. D. Sturrock, vocalists.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley's organ recital on Saturday afternoon last was, as usual, very largely attended. Mr. Blakeley has succeeded admirably in making these concerts popular events in every sense of the word. The next recital on March 16 will conclude the series for this season. As already intimated, the programme will consist entirely of compositions by Mr. Blakeley, including a number for two violins and organ and also a pastorate for flute and organ.

The performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's opera H.M.S. Pinafore early this month was such a success that it will be repeated next Tuesday for the benefit of St. Matthias's Sunday school. St. Andrew's Hall will no doubt again be crowded. The cast will be: Sir Joseph Porter, Mr. F. J. Perrin; Captain Corcoran, Mr. W. W. Leake; Ralph Rackstraw, Mr. R. Collins; Dick Deadeye, Mr. C. G. Collett; Boatswain, Mr. J. H. Spink; Josephine, Miss Paterson; Buttercup, Miss L. Chater; Hebe, Miss Frida Morgan.

The sensation of the present musical period in the United States is Miss Ellen Beach Yaw. From several criticisms that have come under my notice Miss Yaw is accredited with a most phenomenal voice. For a singer to be able to reach E in altissimo with the greatest of ease is in itself a wonderful achievement, and one difficult to thoroughly realize. To fully demonstrate what this means, I might say that it is one octave and a third above high C and five notes higher than Patti's compass. It is to be hoped that we shall have an opportunity of hearing this wonderful young lady before the close of the present concert season, although she is in such great demand that the expense of bringing her here is almost prohibitory.



De Reszke and Melba in Romeo and Juliet.

berlain arranged for a magnificent state ball, at which all of the eligible suitors should be present."

"Dancing in the minut near the Queen was the dashing, handsome young Prince Albert, and he alone of all the goodly company found favor in her sight. She took from her bosom a bunch of violets and as she passed him in the dance he found the flowers pressed into his hand. There was but one meaning in the dainty gift, and that was that the young girl Queen had chosen him for her lord and lover. Isn't that a pretty bit of romance? But best of all, they were lovers all through their happy wedded life."

"My ideal lover is rather composite," said Mrs. George Gould. "If in one man could be found the ardor and beauty of Romeo, the honesty of Petrarch, the wisdom and learning of Dante and the physical strength of Leander, who breathed the Hellespont so many times, I think that man would be the ideal lover."

"Why, Cinderella and the Fairy Prince, of course," said Mrs. Paron Stevens when I proposed the question to her. "I like Claude because he is strong and brave and true. Mr. Irving and Ellen Terry almost converted me to giving Romeo and Juliet first place in my affections, but their going off and dying in the vault was too weak for anything. If they had not done that, but had lived on happily and sensibly, they would have been ideal."

Mrs. George B. McClellan is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. She has in her beautiful home more relics and personal belongings of the Little Corporal than any woman in America, with the possible exception of Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, a cousin of the Duchess of Manchester. Mrs. McClellan says that Napoleon is her ideal lover. "Everyone has a right to one's own interpretation of the character of this wonderful man, and although mine may not be a popular choice, I am of the opinion that, for breadth and depth and pure unselfishness, I know of no love in fiction or reality which excelled that of Napoleon and Josephine each for the other."

"What love in all romance or history equalled that of the late Czar of Russia for his beautiful Danish wife Dagmar?" said Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, president of Sorosis, the great woman's club. "A beautiful story of his devotion has just come to light. It seems that on every birthday the Czar placed in the Czarina's boudoir a magnificent bunch of flowers, and secreted somewhere among the roses was a case containing some beautiful jewel, selected months before. The Czarina admired a beautiful bracelet when she and the Czar were selecting jewels for their wedding gift to the then Princess Alix. After the Czar's death Dagmar's birthday came, and in her boudoir she found her flowers and among them a casket, sealed by the late Czar's own hand and containing the bracelet which she had admired almost a year before. Knowing that he could not be with her on this usually festive day, he had directed his son to place the jewel and the flowers where his mother would find them, and then to be near at hand to comfort her. These royal lovers, who shared deadly peril by day and by night, at home and abroad, were, to me, ideal lovers."

New York, Feb. 20. S. E.



Petrarch Reciting the Sonnets to Laura.

pounded my weighty question to her. "I chose them when I was a little maiden, and I have never wavered in my allegiance. Was ever a woman in such fashion won? Was there ever a lover as generous and good or a lady so fair and sweet as the fairy-tale Cinderella and the Prince who found and loved her? It is very true that little Billie worshipped Trilby's foot, but that was the real thing, rosy and dimpled and beautiful, but all that my Prince had to enthuse over and to fall in love with was the tiny glass slipper which the

perly introduced society girl, finds time with all the demands of society life to take a thorough course at Barnard College, the woman's annex of Columbia College. Miss Clews is of the opinion that Petrarch and Laura were the most perfect lovers she had ever heard of. Why? Because they were constant to each other all of their lives. Petrarch made her famous in writing to and about her, and if all he tells be true, their lives were as near perfection as is vouchsafed to mortals.

Miss Vanderbilt gave Dante and Beatrice as



## Short Stories Retold.

The great Frederick was very fond of snuff. He had a box of it put on every mantel-piece in the palace. One day he saw his page helping himself liberally. He said nothing then, but a little while afterward he told the boy to bring him the box. "Take a pinch," said the king; "how do you find it?" "Excellent, sire," "And the box?" "Superb, sire," "Very well," returned Frederick, "keep it, then; it does not hold enough for two."

Rogers and Luttrell were sauntering through the Louvre together, when some ladies accosted the former gentleman. A few words were exchanged, followed by formal bows, and they parted. Luttrell rejoined his friend, saying: "It is a curious thing, one of those ladies came up to me and said, 'Is your name Luttrell?'" "And was it?" said Rogers. This peculiar rejoinder conveyed a sneer—Luttrell was a natural son of Lord Carhampton—that perhaps no other than the mordant tongue of Rogers could have uttered; the only wonder is that it was forgiven.

Louis Philippe knew that Marshal Soult clung to power, and that his fall would be bitter to him. But when the time came, the future ministers, with Thiers at their head, were assembled at the Tuilleries, while in the next room Louis Philippe broke the news to Soult. The interview took a long time, and the new ministers were not without some apprehension. Finally the door was opened just enough to allow the king's queer pear-shaped head to pass, and he whispered: "A little patience, gentlemen; just a little patience—we are weeping together."

Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap-trippers." When the tree had fallen and the prime minister and some of his family who were with him were moving away, there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I die, this shall go in my coffin!" Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry twinkle in her eye: "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where thy chip would burn!"

The story is told of Paderewski, he of the long locks and supple fingers, that he was invited to tea by a New York millionaire. The pianist rather coldly referred his intended host to his agent. When the agent was seen the first question he asked was: "I suppose Mrs. V. will expect Paderewski to play?" "I suppose so," "Then Mr. Paderewski will accept your invitation as an engagement?" "Oh, very well, if you prefer to put it that way," returned the millionaire. "What are the terms?" "Three thousand dollars for one piece and Mr. Paderewski will consent to a single encore." The terms were not accepted.

Not long ago (says a writer in the *Realm*) I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away," I answered, astonished. "Ah! Well, this is what I do with it," said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking-stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick around and around, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil and out of sight. "The Duke of Buccleuch taught me to do that," he said, as we resumed our walk; "it is good for the ground."

In a recent article the irrepressible Mr. Stead boasted of enjoying a private conversation with the late Czar, "as frank and full and unreserved as I ever held with any man." It was during a visit to St. Petersburg. As Stead had complimented Alexander in the *Pall Mall Gazette* at a time when other British papers were reviling him, the Czar was induced to favor the journalist with an interview. It was stipulated, however, that it should not last for more than fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the emperor looked at his watch and arose to indicate that the interview should cease. "But, your majesty," protested Mr. Stead, "you have not said a word." "No," said the Czar; "you haven't given me a chance."

Here are three of the latest from Scotland, selected from The Humor of the Scot by James Inglis: An old woman was asked by her minister "how her man was the day?" She answered: "Oh, 'deed minister, he's no vera weel. Ye see, he's got a Dissenter in his inside." A crofter had been attacked by paralysis, and the minister of the parish, in the absence of the doctor, managed to procure him some relief by the application of a galvanic battery. Next day a neighbor asked the patient's wife how her husband was getting on. "I'm houpin'," she replied, "he'll sune be better. The minister's been givin' him a shock w' the Calvinistic battery, an' it did him a lot o' guid." An inspector of schools examining a class of small children put the question, "What is a widow?" The reply, "piped out" in the shrill voice of a little boy, was, "A wife wantin' a man, sir."

Once upon a time two frogs who had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pool of water were accidentally scooped up by a pious milkman in a bucket of water, which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more body and thereby increase his revenue. The frogs were astonished to find themselves in an unknown element, in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them, being disheartened by being shut up in the dark element entirely new to him, said, "Let's give it up and go to the bottom. It's no use kicking any longer." The other said, "Oh, no. Let's keep kicking as long as we can and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change presently." So one frog gave up and went to the bottom. The other kept kicking, and when the pious milkman got to town and opened his can, behold! the frog had kicked out a lump of butter large enough to float him, and he was sitting on it very comfortably. Moral—In hard times never give up, but keep kicking.

## WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

## Forty-Fourth Annual Meeting of Shareholders.

Directors' Report and Financial Statement—The President's Address—Satisfactory Results of the Past Year's Business—The Old Board Unanimously Re-elected.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the above company was held at its offices in this city on February 14. Mr. George A. Cox, president, occupied the chair, and Mr. C. C. Foster, having been appointed to act as secretary to the meeting, read the following

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors beg to present herewith their annual report, showing income and expenditure of the company for the year 1894, together with profit and loss account and statement of assets and liabilities at the close of the year.

The premium income, owing mainly to general business depression and depreciation in values, shows a falling off compared with that of the preceding year, but this was more than counterbalanced by reduced losses, and the revenue account shows an excess of \$11,453.47 of income over expenditure. Two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum have been declared; \$10,000 carried to reserve fund, which now amounts to \$1,100,000; and after providing an ample reserve to meet liabilities on outstanding policies, the net surplus of the company has been increased to \$377,247.50.

Your Directors feel assured that the shareholders will have learned with deep regret of the recent loss which the company has sustained in the death of the late president, Mr. A. M. Smith, who, as a director for the past twenty-nine years, and as president since 1883, had, by his wise counsel and the active personal interest he had always taken in its affairs, contributed largely to the success of the company.

The vacancies caused by Mr. Smith's death have been filled by the election of the vice-president, Mr. George A. Cox, to the presidency; and of the managing director, Mr. J. J. Kenny, to the position of vice-president, the vacancy on the Board being filled by the appointment of Mr. J. K. Osborne as a director.

SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Revenue Account—  
Total Income.....\$1,193,873.05  
Total Expenditure (including appropriation for all losses reported to 31st December, 1894).....2,082,419.58  
Cash Capital.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund.....1,100,000.00  
Total Assets.....2,200,000.00

The president, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

I am sure that I express the sentiment of every shareholder of the company when I say that the absence from the chair of one who for so many years has presided over our annual gatherings and maintained such a constant oversight of the affairs of the company, is a source of sincere regret. This feeling is painfully impressed upon us at this, the first shareholders' meeting for thirty years from which our late president has been absent. You will, I am sure, agree with me that we are fortunate in having secured for our board-room so excellent a portrait as that before you of one who has so well earned a place of honor upon its walls, and whose kindly disposition, business integrity, and blameless life have left upon the annals of our business community, and more particularly upon the minds of those intimately associated with him, a record which must afford us pleasure, as well as profit, to contemplate. Although in failing health for some time past, Mr. Smith continued to take a deep interest in the business of the company, and to fulfill the duties of his office until the close of the year with which the report just read deals, and I feel, therefore, in presenting it that I am rendering, on his behalf, an account of the final year of his presidency, rather than submitting a report by virtue of the position to which the directors have recently done me the honor to elect me. In performing this duty my task is a comparatively light one, for the statement of the accounts of the year, which has been in the hands of shareholders for some days, is one which appears to call for no lengthened explanation, and certainly requires no words of apology at my hands. From a shareholder's point of view, and taking into account the depressed condition of general business over the entire continent during the year, it must be regarded, I think, as an eminently satisfactory statement, showing, as it does, that after paying out of the profits of the year our usual dividend of ten per cent. upon the capital, we have been able to add \$10,000 to our reserve fund; and that after providing an ample reserve for running off outstanding risks, we have made a substantial addition to our net surplus. On the whole, therefore, I say that I think we may congratulate ourselves, as well as the officers and agents of the company, upon the result of the year's transactions, bearing evidence, as it does, of that careful selection of risks and judicious management which is so essential in times when depreciation in the value of all classes of property is liable to increase the hazard of fire underwriting. Although the report deals only with the business of 1894, I may be permitted to refer briefly to matters relating to the present year, and in connection with them I may first allude to the unfortunate experience of our own city during the early part of January, when by two fires, occurring within a week of each other, property to the value of close upon one million and a half dollars, and embracing several of our best mercantile risks, was destroyed, involving a loss of nearly one million dollars to insurance companies. With the large interests which the "Western" has in Toronto, it is needless to say that we could not hope to escape heavy losses in such disasters; but I am pleased to inform you that our lines were so well distributed, and on the larger risks reduced by reinsurance, that our net loss by these two fires was \$37,200, an amount not sufficient to seriously affect, with our present large income, the average of the year's losses. As a result of these fires, the improved fire protection which has long been urgently needed in Toronto seems likely to be afforded. It will be of interest also to shareholders to know that a contract has been entered into under which we have reinsured the Canadian business of the United Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, England, which Company has ceased doing business in the Dominion, being, in fact, now in course of liquidation. This will naturally bring some increase in the volume of our Canadian fire business, from which we had in the past derived a fair profit, and from which we feel that we may reasonably look for satisfactory results in the future.

The Vice-President seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously. The election of Directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the old Board, viz.: Messrs. George A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robt. Beatty, G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., George McMurich, H. N. Baird, W. R. Brock, J. K. Osborne and J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held subsequently, Mr. George A. Cox was re-elected president and Mr. J. J. Kenny vice-president for the ensuing year.

An Incomplete Petition  
Mamma—Florence, did you ask God to make you a better little girl?  
Florence—I never thought of that, it took so long a time to ask him to keep you from scolding me so much.

## An English Physician from the Tight Little Island.

## HE IS PLEASED WITH CANADA.

## Talks About Canadian People.

## He Says We Have Too Many Pale and Half-dead Women.

## HIS EXPERIENCE WITH PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

## Thinks it is the Right Medicine for Building Up Weak and Sickly Girls and Women.

In the early part of January an English physician of high standing and considerable wealth, visited the principal cities and towns of Canada, after a tour in the United States.

He was exceedingly well pleased with what he saw of the Dominion, and spoke in glowing terms of the good nature and hospitality of our people.

When asked what he thought of Canadians from a physiological point of view he replied: "Taken as a whole you have a fine, sturdy population; but there is room for improvement. You have splendid specimens of manhood, your women generally look healthy and vigorous, but you have too many who are pale, listless and half-dead looking, such as I have met in the United States."

"Oh, yes! I know something about Paine's Celery Compound; I have used it occasionally myself, and know of its being used in England. I have recommended it to pale, weak and run-down women and girls in England, and it has produced very satisfactory and pleasing results. From what I know of the formula of Paine's Celery Compound, I have no hesitation, as a physician, in prescribing it in cases of general debility, dyspepsia, nervous affections, kidney and liver complaints and general weakness."

"Your pale, weak and half-dead women and girls have a true life-building agent in Paine's Celery Compound. There is no other preparation I know of that is so well adapted for the troubles of weak females."

"I am pleased to know that Paine's Celery Compound is so popular in your midst; it really deserves every line of praise now received from the public."

MAJOR.—This is rather an undecided specimen, lacking the force and decision of a settled character. A good deal of enterprise, imagination and some ambition, with a hint of ability, lacking culture and concentration, are shown.

DECEASED.—Your grace should not confess your foolishness. A watched pot never boils. If you look too hard for the fair-haired man the fortune teller promised, he'll never come. Your writing is quite too crude for delineation.

ADAM.—I. I have not read Ships That Pass in the Night. 2. Your writing shows a generous heart, direct purpose, discreet method, somewhat ambitious mind, good sequence of ideas, some refinement and culture, persistence and sense of humor.

A. N. Y. M.—You are decidedly ambitious, very logical, fond of beauty, reasonably discreet, a little bit fond of yourself, with some imagination, excellent candor and a desire for perfection. It should be the writing of a reliable, careful and successful person.

CHUMP.—This elegant *non de plume* has served several times. I hope you will identify your proper study. You are very lacking in judgment and sense of proportion, also of decidedly practical nature, fond of yourself, honest and

truthful, not remarkable for originality or brightness of perception, but a good all-round character; some temper and decided strength of purpose are also shown.

JOHN E.—I had not a remarkably interesting time, but I have had a worse summer. Your writing is not at all remarkable, being rather a student and school-girl (if I am not mistaken). It shows some pleasant traits, and you are a person eminently fitted to ingratiate yourself.

ROSE.—This is a very original and somewhat cautious person, practical and sensible, with some leaning to the opposite sex. A dislike to scheming, and a blunt method, warm affection and a rather hopeful mind are shown. Writer is constant, tenacious and persevering.

FLORA.—This is a very fine and able character, full of generous impulse, sense of beauty and appreciation of all that is bright in life; some sense of humor, a good deal of enterprise and continuity of purpose, with hope, ambition, and constancy are shown. A fine study.

AUSTRALIAN.—This is not a formed study, for it will change and develop. At present it gives very good promise, showing strength and will power, honor, candor and self-respect, a practical rather than romantic turn and excellent reasoning power, some sense of beauty, a good deal of carelessness and a sweet-tempered, easy nature.

GOOSEBERRY.—Extremely constant affection, firm will and an easy-going and liberal nature, love of social intercourse, a practical bent, some ambition, perhaps to social success, plenty of energy, needing direction and concentration, some tenacity of opinion, desire for perfection, but rather a careless method. Should be a generous friend, with affection and impulse strongly developed.

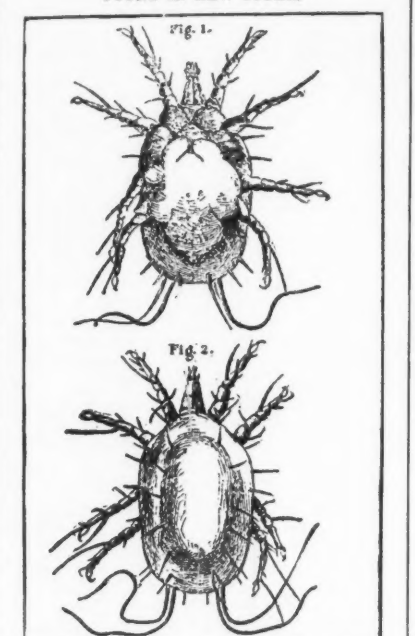
LEDA DALL.—I was quite glad to hear from you again, you funny mortal! When I had a job like yours on hand I ascertained the cost of publishing, got enough subscribers to pay it, and forthwith published the book. It cost something like five hundred dollars. I made something nice out of the risk, but it was quite hard work. The matter was of the same class as yours. Probably I paid too much, but I had no experience, and I also had over five hundred trusting friends. How are the doggies? Toots is only a memory. Stolen, my dear!

## What are Raw Sugars?

Professor Cameron, Public Analyst of the city of Dublin, who has examined samples of raw sugar, states that they contained great numbers of disgusting insects, which produce a disgusting disease. Their shape is very accurately shown in the accompanying figures, magnified two hundred diameters. Fig. 1 is the under side and Fig. 2 is the upper side.

His description is as follows: "The *Acarus sacchari* is a formidably organized, exceedingly lively, and decidedly ugly little animal. From its oval-shaped body stretches forth a proboscis terminating in a kind of scissors, with which it seizes upon its food. Its organs of locomotion consist of eight legs, each jointed and furnished at its extremity with a hook. In the sugar, its movements from one place to another are necessarily very slow, but when placed on a perfectly clean and dry surface, it moves along with great rapidity."

SUGAR INSECT.  
"Acarus Sacchari."  
FOUND IN RAW SUGAR.



Drawn from life from insects found in grocery Mauritius sugar. By Smith, Beck & Beck Microscopists, London.

He adds that "the number of *Acarus* found in raw sugar is sometimes exceedingly great, and in no instance is the article quite free from either the insects or their eggs. Muscovado, as it comes from the colonies, should never be used."

He further says: "The *Acarus sacchari* do not occur in Refined Sugar of any quality, because they cannot pass through the charcoal filters of the refinery, and because Refined Sugar does not contain any nitrogenous substance upon which they could feed."

## My Great-Grandmother on My Father's Side.



—Harper's Bazar.

## PASSENGER TRAFFIC

## Barlow Cumberland General Steamship and Tourist Agency

## ARE YOU GOING... ABROAD?

Passages by Trans-Atlantic and other lines of steamers. Plans, sailing lists and every information.

## BERMUDA, NASSAU, JAMAICA WEST INDIAN RESORTS

Guide Books and every requisite for travelers.

## INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION CO.'S LINES

## AMERICAN LINE

For Southampton, shortest and most convenient route to London. No transfer by tender. No tidal delays. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris by special fast twin screw Channel steamers.

Paris, Feb. 27, 11 a.m. Berlin, March 13, 11 a.m. New York, March 6, 11 a.m. Paris, March 30, 11 a.m.

## RED STAR LINE

FOR ANTWERP

Nordland, Wednesday, Feb. 27, 7 a.m.

Westland, Wednesday, Mar. 6, 12 noon.

Belgenland, Wednesday, Mar. 13, 7 a.m.

Intern'l Nav. Co., 6 Bowling Green, New York

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Agent, 73 Yonge Street, Toronto.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S.S. CO.

Express Steamers Weekly

New York to Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and

Palatal Equipments and Unexcelled Cuisine.

Beginning with 26th March steamers from New York, will land passengers at Southampton dock for London. No transfer by tender.

## Barlow Cumberland Agency

73 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY (LTD)

## BERMUDA

Forty eight hours from New York, S.S. "Trinidad," 2nd, 13th, 23rd March, rapidly sailing.

## WEST INDIA ISLANDS

Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, Antigua, Dominica, Martinique, Barbados and Trinidad, every ten days.

Plans, sailing lists and illustrated pamphlets on application.

ARTHUR AHERN, Sec'y Quebec S.S. Co. (Ltd.), Quebec.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent

73 Yonge Street, Toronto

## KOFF NO MORE

## Watson's Cough Drops

Will give positive and instant relief to all those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists.

R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP

## PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD & CO.

53 KING ST. EAST

TORONTO

## FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

## DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

"An Absolute Cure for Indigestion"

## ADAMS' PEPSIN

## TUTTI FRUTTI

Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners

## HARRY MORGAN

OF THE

Merchants' Restaurant, Jordan Street

Has pleasure in informing his friends and patrons that

McKinnon Building to be suitably free from danger.

Entrance from Wellington Street

## TELEPHONE 932

## WH. STONE

## 349 UNDERTAKER

YONGE ST. ELMST.

## J. YOUNG

## THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 679

## FRANK J. ROSAR

## UNDERTAKER

Phone 5397 609 Queen St. West

Formerly with F. ROSAR, King Street East.

## H. STONE &amp; SON

## UNDERTAKERS

429 Yonge St. Telephone 931

Cor. Ann St.

## Wabash Railroad Company.

If you are contemplating a trip to California,

Mexico or any point South, please consider the

merits of the only true Southern route. Every

morning at 10.50 a.m. the California special

starts on its flight towards the land of the

setting sun, passing through St. Louis and

over the great Iron Mountain route. Palace

sleeping cars to the gateway of Old Mexico.

tourist sleepers to Los Angeles and San Francisco

without change. No delays from snow

blockades. June weather all the way. Ask

your nearest ticket agent for tickets and maps

of this great railway, or write to J. A. Richardson,

Canadian passenger agent, north-east

corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.



## A Model Short Story.

## The Lady With the White Fan.

Anatole France in the Brooklyn Times.

Tchouang-Tsen of Soung was a man of letters who had cultivated a philosophical spirit to the exclusion of all material things. He had had the conscience to escape the common errors of men, who agitate themselves in acquiring useless riches or vain honors. His satisfaction must have been profound, for after his death he was proclaimed happy and worthy of envy. Now, during the days which the unknown spirits accord him to spend under a green sky, among blossoming trees, under graceful willows and bamboos, Tchouang-Tsen was accustomed to take long walks in the country where he could dream and think at ease.

One day, as he wandered on the flowery slopes of the mountain Nam-Hoa, he found himself unconsciously in the middle of a cemetery, where the dead were lying, according to the custom of the country, under hillocks of beaten earth. At the sight of the innumerable graves, which extended towards the horizon, the learned man meditated upon the destiny of man.

"Alas," said he, "here is the place where all the roads of life end. When one has once taken his place in the home of the dead one never returns." As he walked his thoughts centered on the tombs. He suddenly saw a young woman dressed in mourning, that is, a long seamless robe of a coarse, heavy white material. Seated beside a grave, she waved backward and forward over the fresh earth of the funeral mound a large white fan.

Curious to know the motive of such a strange action, Tchouang-Tsen saluted the young woman politely:

"Dare I ask, madame, who is interred in this tomb, and why you give yourself so much trouble to fan the ground which covers whoever it is? I am a philosopher. I seek reasons for things, and here is a reason which escapes me."

The young woman continued to wave her fan. She blushed, lowered her head, and murmured several words that the sage did not hear. He renewed his question several times, but in vain. The young woman paid no further attention to him, and it seemed as though her soul was centered in the hand which wielded her fan.

Tchouang-Tsen walked away regretfully. Although he recognized that all is vanity, he was by nature inclined to seek for the motives of human actions, and particularly those of women. This species of little beings inspired him with a malicious, but very lively curiosity. He continued his promenade slowly, occasionally turning his head to see the fan, which continued to beat the air like a great butterfly, when all at once an old woman, whom he had not perceived before, made a sign to him to follow her. She led him into the shadow of a higher mound than the others and said:

"I heard you ask my mistress a question which she did not answer. But I will satisfy your curiosity from a natural desire to oblige you, and in the hope that you will be kind enough to give me enough money to buy from the priests a magic paper to prolong my life."

Tchouang-Tsen took a coin from his purse and the old woman said: "The lady whom you saw at yonder tomb is Mme. Lu, the widow of a learned man, named Tao, who died a fortnight ago, after a long illness, and the tomb is that of her husband. They loved each other tenderly. Even when dying, M. Tao could not reconcile himself to part from her, and the thought of leaving her in the bloom of her youth and beauty was insupportable. He, however, resigned himself, for he was of a gentle disposition and his soul willingly submitted himself to necessity. Weeping at his bedside, which she had not left during his illness, Mme. Lu swore to the gods that she would not survive him, and that she would share his coffin even as she had shared his couch."

"But M. Tao said to her: 'Madame, do not swear that.'"

"At least," replied she, "if I must not follow you, if I am condemned by the gods to see the light of day when you no longer can see it, know that I will never become the wife of another, and that I shall have but one husband, even as I have but one soul."

"But M. Tao said to her: 'Madame, do not swear that.'"

"Oh! Monsieur Tao, Monsieur Tao! Let me swear then that for five years at the least I will not re-marry."

"But M. Tao said to her: 'Madame, do not swear that; swear only to guard my memory until the earth on my tomb is dry.'"

"Mme. Tao took an oath and the good M. Tao closed his eyes, never again to open them. Mme. Tao's despair was inconceivable. Her eyes were devoured by hot tears. She tore her porcelain cheeks with her little nails, which were as sharp as knives. But everything comes to an end, and this passion of grief exhausted itself. Three days after the death of M. Tao, Mme. Tao's grief became more human. She learned that a young disciple of her husband desired to see her and share her grief. She felt that under the circumstances she could hardly refuse to see him. She received him sighing dolorously. The young man was very *distingue* and of fine figure. He spoke a little of M. Tao and much of her. He told her she was charming, that he felt that he loved her already. She allowed him to say it. He promised to return. In awaiting his return, Mme. Tao, seated beside her husband's grave, where you saw her, spends the day drying the earth of the mound with the wind from her fan."

## Dooley Has the Grip.

AN INCIDENT AT MUIRES WAKE.

"Mr. Dooley was discovered making a seasonable beverage consisting of one part syrup, two parts quinine and fifteen parts strong waters."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. McKenna. "I have the grip," said Mr. Dooley, blowing his nose and wiping his eyes. "Bad case to it! Oh, me poor back! It feels as if a dhray had run over it. Did ye ever have it? Ye did not. Well, ye'er lucky. Ye'er a lucky man."

"I want to McGuire's wake las' week. They

give him a decent send-off. No porter. An' himself looked natural—as fine a corpse as iver Gavin laid out. Gavin told me so himself. He was as proud iv McGuire as if he owned him; fetched half th' town in to look at him an' give iver van iv him his cards. He near frightened o' man Dugan into a faint. 'Misther Dugan, how old a-are ye?' 'Sivinty-five, thanks be,' says Dugan. 'Thin,' says Gavin, 'take wan iv me cards,' he says. 'I hope ye'll not forget me,' he says.

"'Twas there I got th' lah grip. Lasteways 'tis me opinion iv it, though th' docther says I swallowed a bug. It don't seem right, Jawn, f'r th' McGuire is a clane family, but th' docther says a bug got into me system. 'What sort iv bug?' says I. 'A lah grip bug,' he says. 'Ye have Mickrobes in yer lung,' he says. 'What's thim?' says I. 'Thim's th' lah grip bugs,' says he. 'Ye took wan iv me warmed it,' he says, 'an' it has growed an' multiplied till yer system does be full iv thim,' he says. 'millions iv thim,' he says, 'ma-archin' an' counthermarchin' through ye.' 'Glory be to th' saints,' says I. 'Had I better swallow some insect powder?' I says. 'Some iv thim in me head has had a fallin' out an' is throwin' bricks,' 'Foolish man,' says he. 'Go to bed,' he says, 'an' lave thim alone,' he says. 'Whin they find who they're in,' he says, 'they'll quit ye.'"

"So I went to bed an' waited, while th' Mickrobes had fun with me. Mondah all iv thim was quiet but thim in me stomach. They stayed up late dhrinkin' an' carousin' an' dancin' jigs till wur-ruds come up bechune th' Kerry Mickrobes an' thim f'r'm Wixford, an' th' whole pa-arty went over to me lift lung, where they could git th' air, an' had it out. Th' nex' day th' little Mickrobes made a toboggan slide iv me spine an' manettime some Mickrobes that was wur-r-kin' f'r th' telephone compny got in their heads that me legs was poles, an' put on their spikes an' climbed all night long."

"They was tired out th' nex' day till about 5 o'clock, whin thim that was in me head begin flashin' out th' rooms an' I knew they're was goin' to be doings in th' top flat. What did thim Mickrobes in me head do but invite all th' other Mickrobes in f'r th' avnin'. They all come. Oh, by gar, they was not wan iv thim stayed away. At six o'clock they begun to move f'r'm me shins to me throats. They come in platoons an' squads an' dhraves. Some iv thim brought along brass bands an' more thim wan hundred thousand iv thim dhrave through me pipes in dhrays. A throlley line was started up me back and ivy car r-run into a wagon-load iv scrap iron at th' base iv me skull."

"Th' Mickrobes in me head must've done thimself proud. Ivery few minutes some wan iv th' kids'd be sint out with th' can an' I'd say to meself: 'There they go, carryin' th' thrade to Schwartzmeister's because I'm sick an' can't wait on thim.' I was daffy, Jawn, dy'e mind. Th' likes iv me fillin' a pitcher f'r a little boy-bug! Ho, ho! Such dhrreams. An' they had a game iv forty-fives an' there was wan Mickrobes there that larned to play th' game in th' County Tip-prary, where 'tis played on stone, an' ivry time he led thumps he'd like to knock me head off. 'Who's thrick is that?' says th' Tip-prary Mickrobes. 'Th' mine,' says a little red-headed Mickrobes f'r'm th' County Roscommon. They tipped over th' chairs an' tables, an' in less time thim it takes to tell th' whole pa-arty was at it. They'd been a hurlin' game in th' back iv me skull an' th' young folk was dancin' breakdawns an' havin' leppin' matches in me forehead, but they all stopped to mix in. Oh, 'twas a grand shindig—tin millions iv thim min, women an' childer rowlin' on th' flure, hands an' feet goin', leepicks an' hurlin' sticks, clubs, brickbats an' beer kags flyin' in th' air. How many iv thim was kilt I'll never know, f'r I went as daff as a hen an' dhrreamt iv organizin' a Mickrobes Campaign club, that'd sweep th' primaries an' maybe go acrost an' free Ireland. Whin I woke up me legs was as weak as a day-old babby's an' me poor head impty as a cobbler's purse. I want no more iv thim. Give me anny bug f'r'm a cockroach to an' angle save an' except thim wist iv Ireland fenlans—th' Mickrobes."—Chicago Post.

**TAKE**  
**AYER'S**  
the Only  
**Sarsaparilla**  
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.  
**IT LEADS**  
ALL OTHER  
**BLOOD**  
Purifiers.

**Consumption.**  
The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

**Scott's Emulsion**  
of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. Pamphlet free. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

## GAS FIXTURES

GET QUOTATIONS  
FROM US  
BEFORE PURCHASING

## FRED ARMSTRONG

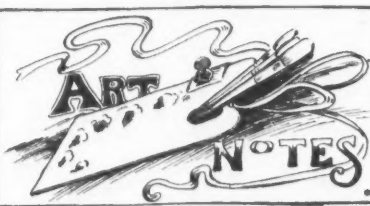
277 Queen St. West

## A Woman's Rescue.

An Interesting Story From Paris Station.

Suffered for Six Years from Nervous Headaches, Dizziness and General Debility—Physicians and Many Remedies Failed to Help Her—How Relief and Cure was at Last Found From the Paris (O.R.) Review.

So many remarkable stories are published of people who have been almost brought back to life, that the public almost expects to be excused if they were a trifle skeptical. So far, however, as those relating to cures brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are concerned there appears to be no reason to doubt their entire truthfulness. The cases reported are carefully investigated and vouched for by newspapers that would discredit themselves were they to distort facts that can be easily investigated by any of their readers. Besides, there are but few localities in the Dominion where this grand healer of the sick has not made itself felt, and the people having proof of its virtues near at hand, are quite prepared to accept the statements made as to the results following the use of Pink Pills in other localities. The Review has heard of much good accomplished by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this locality, but has recently learned of a case at Paris Station which is of sufficient importance to give the full details for the benefit it may prove to others. The case alluded to is that of Mrs. E. H. Skinner, who is esteemed by a wide circle of acquaintances. To a representative of the Review Mrs. Skinner said she had been for a long time a great sufferer. Her blood had become thin and watery, bringing about a weakness amounting almost to a collapse. There were numerous distressing symptoms, such as dizziness, severe headaches, palpitation of the heart, etc. "I have been ill," said Mrs. Skinner to the Review, "for about six years, and you can form an idea of what I suffered during that time. I had the advice and treatment of some excellent physicians, but without any benefit. I may say that during the six years I was ill I was treated by four different doctors in Brantford and one in Paris, but they seemed not to be able to do anything for me. When the physicians failed I tried many different widely advertised remedies, but with no better results. All this, you will readily understand, cost a great deal of money, and as I derived no benefit, it is not to be wondered that I was completely discouraged. I found myself continually growing weaker, and hardly able to go about, and had almost given up all hope of becoming better. And yet one never wholly desponds, for seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so strongly recommended in the press I determined to try them, and you can see by my condition to-day how much reason I have to be thankful that I did so. I had not been taking Pink Pills long when for the first time in six years I found myself improving. Gradually the troubles that had made my life miserable disappeared; new blood appeared to be coursing through my veins, and I am again a healthy woman, and have no hesitation in saying that I believe I owe, not only my recovery, but my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Mrs. Skinner said her husband was also much run down with hard work, but after using Pink Pills feels like a new man. The statements made by Mrs. Skinner prove the unequalled merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as there are thousands of women throughout the country similarly troubled, the great deal of money and the burden of a nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are also a specific in locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, the after effects of influenza, etc. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be sent direct to you, or ordered of Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.



Mr. W. A. Sherwood has just completed a portrait of the late Mrs. G. M. Miller. The few who have been privileged to see this work highly praise its coloring.

Mr. Wylie Grier is to lecture this afternoon, February 23, on Portraits and Portrait Painters in the University.

A movement is on foot in the Lotos Club of New York to found a fund for the encouragement of American art. The object of this fund is stated to be the purchase of one or more pictures, painted at home by American artists, and exhibited at the spring exhibition of 1895 of the National Academy of Design, in New York. The paintings thus purchased are to be selected jointly by a jury of the Academy and the art committee of the Lotos Club, and will become the property of the Club. This is a very good way to awaken a fresh interest in American art, and we are sure it will prove, as intended, an encouragement to artists, who have had a pretty rough time of it for several seasons past.

It has been suggested that it is quite probable that in Toronto and its vicinity, or possibly drawing from a larger field if necessary, there are numbers of family portraits of both interest and value that would form a good loan collection. Most of these have been painted in

the Old Country and brought out, of course, by those to whom they belong. The success of the late portrait exhibition of fair women in New York brought up the subject, and with-out limiting the collection to "fair women" or old paintings, quite a large exhibition might be made which would be quite as successful as the New York one, artistically and financially.

Among other visitors to the studio of Carolus Duran on his reception day came at one time some pupils for advice about their work. One had been studying for seven years and his picture had just been refused by the jury of the *salon*, of which he complained bitterly. "We cannot take account of a man's efforts," said M. Duran; "do something good and you will be received." Another had brought his sketches and complained of hard times and that he could not sell anything. He got a word of consolation, but was politely reminded that to be an artist one must love glory more than money, art more than glory, and nature more than art.

Whistler's Mrs. B. Sickert at the recent exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters held in London. The *Athenaeum* comments to students, but the critic says that for himself he fails to enjoy "its hackneyed and threadbare whimsicality," which, "since it has lost its energy and freshness, has become a bore."

As is usually the case when Professor Clark lectures, St. George's Hall was well filled on Friday, February 15, the subject being Literature and Art, under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association. After some introductory remarks from Mr. L. R. O'Brien, who spoke of art and literature as lovers who were sometimes separated by misunderstandings, Professor Clark began his lecture by giving Carlyle's definition of literature as the thought of thinking men, and Ruskin's of fine art as the work of the hand, the hand and the heart. The trend of the lecture was to show the close connection always existing between these two; revivals in art had always been preceded by an awakening of thought and intelligence. The truth of this was illustrated from the history of the art and literature of Greece and Rome, of England in the Middle Ages and Italy during the Renaissance. Among the artists present was Mrs. Schrieber, who was warmly greeted by many friends who seldom see her now. Among others present were: The president, officers and members of the W. C. A., Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Hemsted, Miss McConnell, Miss Gormley, Miss Dalton, Miss Dennison, Miss Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Laidlaw, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. R. F. McMaster, representing the lecture committee; Mr. James Smith, R.C.A., and Miss Smith, Mr. O. R. Jacobi, R.C.A., and Mrs. Jacobi, Mr. D. A. Patterson, R.C.A., and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Revell, treasurer, O.S.A., Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Gagen, secretary, O.S.A., Miss Ford, Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., and Mrs. Reid, Professor and Mrs. Saunders, Professor Shuttleworth, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, D. Warbrick, Mr. Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. D. E. Thomson, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Wilkes, Miss Carty, Mrs. Ed. Leigh, Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. Seales, Mrs. Farrar, Mr. Dignam, Miss Graham, Professor and Mrs. Mavor.

Last week Mr. Bell-Smith, who is engaged on a large painting of the State Funeral at Halifax of the late Sir John Thompson, went to the Capital and was honored with sittings from the Governor-General and Archbishop Duhamel. The artist was entertained at

## THE LIFE PRESERVER

J. W. SHAW, Esq., 280 Jarvis Street, Toronto, writes Dec. 25, 1894:

"In justice I must speak in the highest terms of K. D. C. It has saved my life. I have reached the allotted span (70 years), and have pleasure in saying that my health is better now than ever before. I attribute this solely under God to the use of your medicine. Till I took K. D. C. I suffered so much from indigestion, which had become chronic, that I was obliged to abandon the profession of teaching in Toronto. Other medicines gave me no permanent relief. Before using it, eating was almost compulsory and life itself a burden. Having done so much for me, I cannot do otherwise than bear testimony to its merits."

Let K. D. C. be in Every Home as the Great Curer

**WHY HAVE PALE FACES?**  
Anemia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many colorless cheeks we see at the present day. An Anemic person may be known by a pale complexion and colorless lips, accompanied by indigestion, debility or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits and fatigue, nervousness, headache, pain in the side and back, palpitation and cough. If neglected, chronic skin eruptions, eczema, dropsy and consumption follow. Jolly's "Buckskin" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion. Write to-day to LUMAN BROS. & Co. Sole Agents, 71 Front Street E., Toronto, for a box containing 30 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure. Price 50 cts., Post Free. Why not be lovely?



## TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs a Specialty

In doing up Open Front and Collar Attached Shirt we have no equal

106 YORK STREET

Telephone 1605

Geo. P. Sharpe

Government House by their Excellencies during his stay in Ottawa. He returned to Toronto on Tuesday. LYNNE C. DOYLE.

## An Artist's Joke.

"A feat attributed to many eminent artists of painting on a plain surface a fly or bee so illusively true to nature that the innocent observer would attempt to brush it away, is not so difficult as is generally supposed," remarked a painter of still life. "The art lies in making the insect stand out from the background. Not long ago a patron brought me a half dozen saucers and a card, upon which was pinned a house centipede, or 'thousand legs,' requesting me to copy it exactly upon each of the saucers, so that the base of the cup would cover it. I did so without expressing any curiosity."

"Afterward he told me that he had given a little tea party, and without the knowledge of his wife had substituted the painted saucers for the plain ones. His amusement consisted in observing the horrified expression on the faces of the guests when they raised their cups and the quickness with which they put them down again to keep the monster imprisoned. It was only when the hostess noticed that none of the guests drank their tea that the deception was discovered."—North-West Magazine.

## BRISTOL'S PILLS

Cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Sluggish Liver and all Stomach Troubles.

## BRISTOL'S PILLS

Are Purely Vegetable, elegantly Sugar-Coated, and do not gripe or sicken.

## BRISTOL'S PILLS

Act gently but promptly and thoroughly. "The safest family medicine." All Druggists keep

## BRISTOL'S PILLS



Our Communion and Invalids' Wine "ST. AUGUSTINE" (Registered). Is the best value obtainable.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO., Brantford  
SOLE GENERAL AGENTS

## TURKISH BATHS

204 King Street West - - Toronto



These Baths are open all night with sleeping accommodations for each bath.

Greatest cure for Rheumatism, Cold, Cough, Lumbago, Gout, Kidney and Liver Complaint and Insomnia.

Chiropract always in attendance. Phone 1286

## HOWARTH'S CARMINATIVE

This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthful sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.

Trial Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c. None genuine without bearing name and address of S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST, 243 Yonge Street, Toronto



B. LINDMAN, owner of the Wilkinson Truss, the only truss that will cure Rupture permanently, has his office in the Rossin House Block, Toronto. Those who are wearing Trusses of any kind, and more especially physicians, are invited to examine this great boon for the ruptured.

## TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO.

Office and Works—44 LOMBARD STREET. Telephone 2686.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned, Re-laid, or Made Over. New Carpets Sewed and Laid. Feathers and Mattresses Renovated, Furniture Repaired.

FRANKER & HOUGH BROS.

**JAMES' CLEANING AND DYEING**  
WORKS, 153 Richmond Street W. Gentlemen's Suits, Overcoats, etc., cleaned, dyed and repaired. Ladies' Dresses, Jackets, Shawls, Gloves, Feathers, etc., cleaned or dyed with care; also Lace Curtains, Piano Covers, Damasks, Repas, etc. Crapes renewed. Feathers cleaned and dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned. Ladies' Dress Goods cleaned or dyed. All orders promptly executed. Telephone 658.

## HEADQUARTERS FOR... CREAM...

We can supply any quantity, from 1 pint to 50 gallons on short notice. WHIPPING CREAM a specialty.

KENSINGTON DAIRY, 433½ Yonge St. Phone 8910. Opp College St.

## Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 12 crates \$2.00. A crate 1 side as much as a barrel.

HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street Telephone 1070 or send Post Card.



Mrs. B. Thursday  
Mrs. G. on Wednesday  
Mrs. J. Valentine  
Mr. and evening.  
Mrs. T. of dinners  
Mrs. D. Tuesday.  
Mr. and on Thursday.  
The grad Pharmacy, House on the Newton H. Graham sec  
A brilliant given by residence C. day evening praised for formed the first receipt combining a variety in c  
Miss Barl are visiting court road.  
Mrs. Alfr luncheon to Monday. I exactly that  
Miss Cart visiting M relatives, C Stanley Barl  
Mr. and M. gustine, Flor Covert Mof sense, with street, where  
Miss Helen are on a visit  
A little bl engagements fair *fancées* admired and Toronto soci and the other ding bells rations largely  
Mrs. Clarer tea at Sandh of Intimate sisted by M Rusholm and tea table. A Mrs. G. T. D. Mrs. Cartwri Gibson, Mrs. patrick, Mrs.  
Mr. William on promotion only recently Maltland stre  
The marria Bob Christie o'clock in Tr officiating. L made its shodence to the c as Old Sol ev almost impass whom the cl women and ment and a house and ch glimpse of the girlhood. Mi minutes after Trinity, led by wonderfully a bridesmaiden, Miss Mattie L white silk, with the girlish form tion. Her face of tulle, and white roses. A silk and a velvet. The m troops and two ribbons charmi loops. I don't gant and styl for many a day sister, is slight height. The f medium stature little women as alsie, Miss H eyes and pretty as fair a maid wedding a lessor lar Miss Palmen the hearts of T and most dain sister, who will day—they also hats, which ar on the shining tendants. The and Messrs. L D. Smith were lot of gowns w made a radiant frou-froued in groom's mother gown of fawn pink at *collet* and with her shi lace, with a very hand was irreproach ham was in handsome daup dark skirt and Pearson were predominated ;



## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Bolte gave dinners on Monday and Thursday evenings.

Mrs. Grand of Brunswick avenue gave a tea on Wednesday.

Mrs. John I. Davidson entertained on St. Valentine's evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wragge gave a dinner last evening.

Mrs. Temple of Simcoe street gave a couple of dinners on Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. DaMoulin gave a small luncheon on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara gave a family dinner on Thursday evening.

The graduate class of '95, Ontario College of Pharmacy, will have a dinner at the Rossin House on the evening of Friday, March 1. Mr. Newton H. Brown is president and Mr. J. A. Graham secretary.

A brilliant and successful evening party was given by Misses Kemp and Small at the residence of the latter, 9 Moss Park, on Monday evening. The young ladies were much praised for the manner in which they performed the arduous duties connected with their first reception. The gowns were beautiful, combining a richness of texture and a pleasing variety in color.

Miss Barlee and Miss Radham of Peterboro' are visiting Major and Mrs. Leigh of Dovercourt road.

Mrs. Alfred Wright gave a very pretty luncheon to a party of young ladies last Monday. I believe the number of guests was exactly that of the muses.

Miss Cartwright of Kingston, who has been visiting Miss Oser, is now the guest of her relatives, Captain and Mrs. Cartwright of Stanley Barracks.

Mr. and Mrs. David Walker are in St. Augustine, Florida. Mrs. John Wright and Mrs. Covert Moffatt are staying, during their absence, with Miss May Walker at Victoria street, where they will receive on Mondays.

Miss Helen Gzowski and Miss May Dawson are on a visit to friends in Montreal.

A little bird has whispered to me of two engagements of much interest. Both of the fair fiancées are girls as well known as they are admired and liked by the *crème de la crème* of Toronto society. That one will be taken away and the other abide with us, when the wedding bells ring merrily, makes my congratulations largely mingled with regrets.

Mrs. Clarence Denison gave a very delightful tea at Sandhurst on Wednesday to a number of intimate friends. Mrs. Denison was assisted by Mrs. Delamere, Miss Denison of Rusholme and Miss Gibson, who presided at the tea table. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. G. T. Denison, Miss Mair, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. McDougall and others.

Mr. William Dunsford has gone to Guelph on promotion. Mr. and Mrs. Dunsford have only recently removed to the West End from Maitland street.

The marriage of Miss Emma Lee and Mr. Bob Christie took place on Wednesday at two o'clock in Trinity church, Rev. Canon Sanson officiating. Long before the bridal carriage made its short journey from Mr. Lee's residence to the church, bearing as bonnie a bride as Old Sol ever smiled upon, the street was almost impassable with the crowd of people whom the church could not contain. Men, women and children lined the pavement and formed double rows at the house and church doors, waiting for a last glimpse of the belle of the East End in her girlhood. Miss Lee was punctual, and two minutes after the hour came up the aisle of Trinity, led by her father and escorted by a wonderfully sweet and smart quartette of bridesmaids, and her maid of honor, her sister, Miss Mattie Lee. The bridegroom was of rich white silk, with enormous sleeves, and fitted the girl's form of the sweet bride to perfection. Her face was half concealed by a veil of tulle, and she carried a bouquet of white roses. Miss Lee wore white corded silk and a large plumed hat of black velvet. The maids came in pairs; two in hallo-top and two in palest green, with white satin ribbons charmingly disposed in frills and long loops. I don't remember having seen more elegant and stylish-looking bridesmaids' frocks for many a day. The maid of honor, like her sister, is slight and a trifle over medium height. The four maids were barely up to medium stature and made one vow to little women as they demurely marched up the aisle. Miss Hoes, she of the sparkling brown eyes and pretty winsome face; Miss Winnett, as fair a maid as ever learned at a friend's wedding a lesson in advance; bright and popular Miss Palmer, who has walked straight into the hearts of Toronto folks; and the youngest and most dainty of the fair, the bride's girl-sister, who will gather in her trophies some day—these also wore the much abused large hats, which are just in their proper place on the shining locks of such charming attendants. The best man was Mr. R. Baird, and Messrs. Lee, Gilmore, Irving, Smith and D. Smith were ushers. A remarkably smart lot of gowns were worn by the guests, who made a radiant picture in soft shades as they frou-froued into the reserved seats. The groom's mother, Mrs. Christie, wore a lovely gown of fawn moire, with a touch of delicate pink at collar and belt and a pretty bonnet, and with her sister in brown and pearl gray lace, with brown velvet bands, made a very handsome couple, whose *chic* was irreproachable; Mrs. Robert Gooderham was in green velvet and jet, her handsome daughter in a tawny silk blouse, dark skirt and a large dark hat; Mrs. Edwin Pearson wore a lovely gown in which green predominated; Miss Lily Phillips looked her prettiest in very pale blue and black; Mrs. Palmer was a picture in a dainty gown and

lace hat, with a half wreath of pink flowers on her exquisitely dressed hair; Mrs. Ed. Cox wore a touch of cerise on a dark gown, and a large hat; Mrs. Thomas Davies was smartly gowned and wore a becoming little bonnet; Mrs. Holmes wore a very pretty gown, with iridescent sequins and a picture hat; Mrs. Walter S. Lee was a handsome and gracious matron in brocade and bonnet of white and black; the Misses Lee and Miss Michie; Mrs. Doolittle, in canary brocade and black chignon; Mrs. E. Elliott, in a charming gown of delicate green with *vieux rose*; Mrs. Stephen Haas, in black and pale blue; Messrs. Charles Beatty, C. Baird, Matthews, Mitchell, Tripp, G. Baird, S. Haas, Mrs. and Miss Baird, Miss Jennie Smith, Mrs. Haas and many others, whom I have not space to mention, were among the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Christie left on the 4.55 train for New York and the South, and on their return will, I believe, be for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Christie of the Queen's park until they decide on a suitable residence. The reception was very bright and merry; an atmosphere of happiness seemed all-pervading. The *dejeuner* was served from a buffet, while the soft strains of D'Alessandro's orchestra mingled with laughter and jest. Upstairs an elegant array of presents was displayed, including a piano, cheques, and from the staff and employees of Christie Brown & Co., a cabinet of table and silver appointments warranted to call a sigh of envy from any less provided *hausfrau*. The groom's gifts to the maids were gold buckle pins set with pearls.

The play produced by Trinity Dramatic Club presupposed a smart society audience, and was much enjoyed by a very amused crowd. On Friday the Government House party attended and several boxes were filled with students and ladies. Saturday matinee and evening performances also drew good houses. The naughtiness of *Cla Verrière* (Mr. Osborne) and the back-sliding of his stepfather (Mr. Pottenger) delighted the people. The four ladies in the cast received much applause. Handsome Mr. Cattanaach was charming as Captain Vale. The Academy was decorated with the college colors. I believe the Club is pretty well pleased financially.

A very pleasant At Home was held in McBean's Hall, College street, on Wednesday evening, by the officers and chivalry of Canton Toronto No. 7 P. M. The Oddfellows were in uniform and lent color to the scene. A programme was carried forward until 10.30, with Major Washington, M.D., in the chair. The main items of the programme were the charming recitations of Miss Annie Richardson and Miss Ethel Shaver. Miss Richardson gave a splendid rendition of *The Painter of Seville* and also the humorous story of the "lady in the pit of the theater who would not remove her 'at'." The readings of both these young ladies afforded a treat. At the conclusion of the programme the hall was cleared for dancing, and refreshments were tastefully served in the adjoining room. Canton Toronto No. 7 P. M. is to be congratulated upon the success of this affair.

An enjoyable time was spent at the residence of Mrs. Richard Lane, 39 Brunswick avenue, on Wednesday evening last, when her many friends pleasantly whiled the time away at progressive euchre, followed by a dance. Mrs. Lane was assisted by her sister, Miss Matheson, who looked charmingly gowned in pink crepe. A pleasant feature of the evening was a flash light group of those present taken by Mr. Herbert Greenwood. Many have since been the recipients of such a pleasant memento. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Langlois, Misses Robinson, Beard, Eyer, Vokes, Greenwood, Shepherd, Ross, Collins, and Messrs. Eagle, Noble, Clark, Eyer, Rugg, Goddard, Greenwood, Hall and others. As the host and hostess flitted here and there among their many friends their bright faces and merry glances touched all, and a merry evening was assured.

Mr. Claude H. B. Armstrong, teller of the Dominion Bank, Belleville, was banqueted by his friends in that city on Friday evening, February 15. Mr. Armstrong is leaving Belleville to assume the position of teller in the Queen street west branch of the Dominion Bank. A more popular bank clerk than Mr. Armstrong never left Belleville. He was foremost in musical and sporting circles as well as a general favorite in society and the business community. Mr. H. Corby, M.P., presided at the banquet, which was attended by all the leading legal and mercantile lights of the place, as well as representatives of the sporting and musical clubs of the city. Mr. Armstrong will be greatly missed in Belleville.

## WESTERN CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

The thirty-second annual meeting of the shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company was held recently at its offices, No. 76 Church street. A large number of shareholders were present. The report of the directors and financial statements were read as follows:

The directors have much pleasure in laying before the shareholders the thirty-second annual report of the business of the company. The profits of the year, after deducting all charges, and writing off, as was considered prudent, a sufficient sum to cover any depreciation in the value of real estate, amount to \$172,197.80.

Out of this sum have been paid the usual half yearly dividends, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, together with the income tax thereon, amounting to \$152,336.41, and the balance has been carried to the credit of the Contingent Fund.

The amount now standing at the credit of that fund is \$70,445.90.

The Reserve Fund remains at \$770,000.

The repayments on account of mortgage loans have been, on the whole, satisfactorily; and when in any case it has been considered desirable to grant some indulgence, and extend the time for payment, the security has invariably first been again specially reported upon.

The debentures of the Company falling due during the year have been more generally

# TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

MATINEES—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday—MATINEES  
One Week, Commencing Monday, Feb. 25

Engagement of the Popular Melo-Dramatic Actor  
**JAMES. H. WALLICK**

In His Greatest Success, as Played by Him over 3,200 times  
**The Bandit King**  
Introducing His Famous Acting Horses  
"RAIDER," "TEXAS" & "PETE"

renewed than in any former year; and the Directors have had no difficulty in obtaining new money at a lower rate to replace any debentures which were not renewed.

The total amount of moneys entrusted to the Company by British and Canadian investors is now \$4,450,185.24.

The Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN,  
President.

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.	
Liabilities.	
To Shareholders:	
Capital stock	\$1,500,000.00
Reserve Fund	770,000.00
Contingent Account	70,445.90
Dividends payable January 8, 1895	78,000.00
	\$2,418,445.90
To the public:	
Debentures and interest	\$3,450,900.81
Deposits	1,029,892.43
	4,480,793.24
Sundry Accounts, including Com-	
missions outstanding	578.90
	\$6,896,218.04
Assets.	
Investments	\$6,088,760.88
Office Premises and Furniture, Toronto and	
Winnipeg	106,606.50
Cash on Hand and in Banks	100,850.66
	\$6,296,218.04
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Cost of management, viz: Salaries,	
rent, inspection and valuation, of-	
fices expenses, branch office, agents'	
commissions, auditors' fees, etc.	\$2,046.61
Directors' compensation	3,010.00
Interest on debentures	42,343.28
Interest on debentures	139,604.83
	\$237,004.67
Net profit for year applied as follow:	
Dividends and tax thereon	\$152,336.41
Carried to contingent account	19,811.39
	172,197.80
Interest on mortgages and debentures, rent,	
etc.	\$409,802.47
	\$409,802.47
WALTER S. LEE, Managing Director.	
TORONTO, 8th February, 1895.	

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

GENTLEMEN:—We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the year ending 31st December, 1894, and certify that the annexed statements of assets and liabilities, and profit and loss are correct, and show the true position of the company's affairs.

Every mortgage and debenture or other security has been compared with the books of the company. They are correct and correspond in all respects with the schedules and ledgers. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS,  
FRED. J. MENET,  
WM. E. WATSON, F.C.A.,  
Auditors.

The retiring directors were re-elected, viz.: Messrs. George Gooderham, Alfred Gooderham, George W. Lewis and Walter S. Lee. These gentlemen with the Hon. G. W. Allan, Sir David Macpherson and Thomas H. Lee, Esq., constitute the full board.

At a meeting of the board held subsequently the Hon. G. W. Allan was re-elected president and Mr. George Gooderham vice-president.

An exchange says: "Parrots are put to practical test in Germany. They, it is said, have been trained to call out the name of the station while the train stands there, and thus save the trouble of enquiring. No need of parrots to call out the name of the best Scotch whisky. Just look in all the saloons and hear the people call for Brown's Special Scotch, and watch how they enjoy it."

## Residence for Sale

ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT HOMES in this growing metropolis, being that entirely new, truly superb, elegant finished, brown stone, pressed brick, detached residence,

No. 170 Inabella St., N. W. cor. of Sherbourne. Two elegant bathrooms, genteel private lavatory, exposed sanitary plumbing and combined hot water and hot air heating. Now is the time to purchase. Rock bottom price; very small amount of cash required and low interest. Ready for immediate occupancy. Apply to, or address, A. WILLIS, Toronto St., cor. King St. Tel. 1055. \$27 For a doctor or dentist this special location would be unsurpassed by any in Toronto.

### SECOND PERFORMANCE

**H. M. S. Pinafore**  
ST. ANDREW'S HALL  
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26

IN AID OF ST. MATTHIAS' SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**Recital**  
TORONTO LADIES' QUARTETTE

Mrs. D'Auria Mrs. Dorsett Mitchell  
Mrs. J. Wilson Lawrence Miss Bridgland

ASSISTED BY  
Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Pianist

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, FEB. 23

8.30 P.M.

### ORCHESTRAL AND CHOIR CONCERT

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER  
Cor. Avenue Road and Bloor St.

Tuesday Evening, Feb. 26, at 8 o'clock

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS

### UNIVERSITY CHAMBER CONCERTS

**YUNCK STRING QUARTET**

Normal School Hall, Monday, March 4

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Single tickets, \$1.00; four tickets, \$3.50.

Subscription list at Nordheimer's and Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

### TORONTO FESTIVAL CHORUS

Conductor, F. H. TORRINGTON.

**DR. GAUS' DRAMATIC CANTATA**

SOLOISTS: Madame MARIE HARRISON, Madame BRUSE

WIKSTROM, Mr. WALTER H. ROBINSON,

Mr. FRED WARRINGTON.

Leader of the Orchestra, MRS. DRESCHLER-ADAMSON.

Massey Music Hall, Thursday, March 7

Subscribers list for the concert open at Nordheimer's.

### HENRY GEORGE

At Massey Music Hall

On Friday Evening

March 1st

Subject—THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SINGLE TAX.

General admission, 25c & 35c. Reserved seats, 50c, 75c & \$1.

Hamilton, 4; London, 5; Leamington, 6

Inspect our stock of

**Palms and**

**Winter**

**Blooming**

**House**

**Plants**

The STEELE, BRIGGS,

MARCON SEED CO.

130-132 King St. East

Telephone 1082

Our Catalogue is now ready, free to all ap-

plicants. Get one. You will find it VERY INSTRUCTIVE, containing many novel-

ties of established merit.

"135" CURES Grip

ONE DOSE RELIEVES

THREE DOSES CURES

Harbottle's Rossin House Drug Store

## DANCING

Waltz Kippie Eye Jersey Two-step Polka

Rush Polka Detroit Waltz Galop Bronco Eye Waltz Rivulet

Military Schott. Jockey Oakland Varsity Lancers

You will be taught to dance these 15 fashionable and popular dances for SIX DOLLARS.

PROF. J. F. DAVIS

Willow Ave. (102), and Mutual St., near Church St.

At the Top to Stay

...The Duke of Cambridge Scotch

H. CORBY - Agent

Always and Forever

Confederation Life Assembly Hall

Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.

Is highly adapted for

At Homes, Banquets, Assemblies, Lectures,

Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the above hall is of

the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by Elec-

tricity, ventilated by Electric Fans, large Dining-room and

Kitchen with range; also retiring and dressing rooms on

the same floor. For full particulars apply to

A. M. CAMPBELL,

Confederation Building, 8 Richmond Street East.

"The best book on the Chinese people."

—The N. Y. Examiner.

**Chinese Characteristics**

By ARTHUR H. SMITH

"One thing is certain: Mr. Smith has of China—as Mr. Sam

Weller had of London—a knowledge that is at once

extensive and peculiar." He manages to bring his

readers far closer to the actual Chinaman than the

ordinary writer on the Celestial Empire. The fastidious

may think it necessary to enter at some of Mr. Smith's

semi-philosophical reflections. But the discerning

reader will perceive that the book is crammed full of good

sense. Mr. Smith is evidently a man with that rare gift, the

gift for racial diagnosis. He is able to discriminate between

the fundamental and the merely superficial differences that

exist between Western and Chinese civilization. More

than that, he can transfer to his readers the appreciation

of characteristics which the Chinese possess, but for which

it is almost impossible to find an analogy among Europeans.

He does not merely describe what is behind the curtain; he

lifts it and lets us look in. Hence it is, that his book

clears up many of the difficulties which present themselves

to us, while attempting to penetrate that most fascinat-

ing of mysteries, Chinese civilization. It should be

read by all those who want to know what China really

means."—The Spectator (London)

With twelve full page reproductions of

original photographs.

OCTAVO CLOTH DECORATED \$5.00

Fleming H. Revelle Company

140-142 Yonge Street, Toronto

## Headquarters FOR

High Grade Pianofortes

Fine Church Pipe Organs

Stringed Instruments and

General Musical Merchandise

PIANOS FOR HIRE

**R. S. Williams & Son**

143 Yonge Street, Toronto

Branches—London, Hamilton, St. Thomas, Brantford,

Kingsville, Ottawa.

**DENTISTRY.**

**MALCOLM W. SPARROW, Dentist**

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

N. W. Cor. Spadina Ave. and Queen St.-West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 2394.

**N. PEARSON** Telephone 1978

**DENTIST**

130 YONGE STREET

5 Doors North of Adelaide TORONTO

**DR. CHAS. J. RODGERS**

**DENTIST**

Oddfellows' Building, cor. Yonge & College Sts.

**MR. FRANKLIN J. ANDREWS, Dentist**

Room G, Confederation Life Building, Yonge and

Richmond Streets, formerly Yonge and Queen Streets,



## PIANOS

I  
A  
N  
O  
S

Our Business

Is making  
THE HOME  
Upright  
PIANOSWe solicit for them the  
critical examination of  
the music-loving public.Our productions of the present  
season are the finest we have  
ever offered.Unpurchased Pre-eminence  
Establish them as unequalled  
in Tone, Touch, Workmanship  
and Durability.Heintzman & Co.  
117 King St. West, TORONTO

## Social and Personal.

On Friday night, February 15, "B" Company and Bugle Band of the Queen's Own were given a grand complimentary sleighing party and dinner by Major Pellatt. Two large vans, with two teams on each, filled with the band and noisy boys, and the officers in another rig, left Major Pellatt's office at 7.30 and proceeded to Boston's Hall, East Toronto, where an excellent dinner was served to over sixty. Major H. M. Pellatt, after a few remarks, proposed the first toast, The Queen, which was heartily responded to. A number of other toasts were proposed and replied to by Major Pellatt, Lieut. Palmer, Color-Sergt. Cooper, Color-Sergt. George Creighton, Sergeants Allum, Hopwood and Cramp. The company then adjourned to the hall upstairs, where a miscellaneous programme, consisting of music, dancing, songs, dialogues, etc., was rendered. "B" Company is greatly indebted to Major H. M. Pellatt for the entertainment.

Mr. Evelyn Denison has bought a fruit farm near Grimsby, and with his family will remove from Toronto shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gundy have returned from their trip to Europe and will receive on Friday and Saturday, March 1 and 2, from four to seven and eight to eleven p.m. at 345 Euclid avenue.

The sixth annual ball and supper of the employees of Messrs. R. S. Williams & Son was held at the piano factory, Oshawa, on Friday, February 15, and was a great success. Including the spectators there must have been fully one thousand people present, the neighboring towns contributing largely. A fine Toronto

orchestra supplied the music and the dancing was greatly enjoyed. The proceeds of the ball were in aid of the R. S. Williams & Son Benefit Society.

The Misses Pyke of King street, Parkdale, gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party and dance last week. The prizes were very keenly contested for during the game, several having to cut and draw, but were finally won by Miss Hickson and Mr. George Brown, and the booby prizes by Miss Harris and Mr. G. Kelley. After a dainty supper, which was served upstairs, dancing was enjoyed until early morn, all returning home after spending a very jolly evening. Those present were: The Misses Pope, Miss Harris, Mr. and Miss Wingfield, Messrs. J. and F. Thompson, Miss Hickson, Mr. Sproat, Mr. Frank and Miss T. Mason, Mr. George Brown, Miss Evans, Messrs. George and H. Shaw, the Misses Grigor, Messrs. Charles and Fred Evans, Mr. Dixon, Miss B. Grigor, Mr. M. Thompson and Mr. George Kelley.

The reception for Victoria College at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Friday night was one of the most delightful ever given there. A special train carried the guests. The splendid rooms of the college seemed like a stately home, as in fact it once was, with blazing hearths, tasteful grouping of plants and lovely cut flowers. The hundred and twenty ladies of the college were a veritable "Rosebud garden of girls." Charming music was rendered by a ladies' orchestra from Toronto, including Misses Dallas, Bach, Adamson, Stonier, Rowland and Mrs. Holwell. Delicious refreshments were served in the spacious library. The programme was a topical one, the musical numbers and subjects of conversation, which were arranged by the College faculty, being coincident.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage will draw men from all parts of the province to his lecture in Massey Hall next Thursday night. It is stated that over three thousand newspapers publish his sermons every week in America, Great Britain, Italy, Australia, New Zealand and India, circulating in all over one hundred and twenty million copies. Had man ever such a prodigious audience! Talmage preaches a light religion. He said once that God would not allow so many laughable things to occur if he did not want us to laugh at them.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Bedford street, Warton, when Miss Sadie, second daughter of Mr. William Symon, was married to Mr. R. B. Brown of Stratford, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Mr. Acheson. The bride looked lovely in cream silk and carried a bouquet of cream roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Annie, in Nile green silk trimmed with silk ribbon. Mr. George Kastner of Warton was best man. After the ceremony a large number of guests partook of a sumptuous repast and were most cordially and happily received, and many were the good wishes expressed by all. Miss Symon will be much missed in social, musical and church circles. Invited guests were present from Stratford, Guelph, Toronto, Owen Sound and Seaford, and a large number of personal friends from Warton. The high esteem in which she was held was evinced by the large number of valuable presents. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will reside in Stratford.

The social event of the season in Warton was the annual Bachelors' ball, held in Robinson Hall on Thursday evening, January 14, under the patronage of the following ladies: Mrs. W. Sadleir, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. F. Sadleir, Mrs. J. Symon and Mrs. Alderson. The stewards were Messrs. J. H. Davies, W. R. Jones, G. D. Kastner, J. J. McKay, C. A. Jones, J. B. Lane, L. M. Ely and F. D. Sharman. A dance held by the bachelors is always sure to be a success, and this far exceeded their fondest expectations. The energetic secretary, Mr. S. J. Cameron, deserves particular credit for his efforts. The hall was tastefully decorated with bunting. The supper, which was provided by the patronesses and young ladies, was one of the best given in Warton, and many were the favorable comments made by the visitors upon the excellent qualities of the good things provided. Some beautiful gowns were worn.

Mrs. Murphy of Hepworth, in black moire silk, Mrs. Belyea of Southampton, black silk and lace, and Miss Belyea, in pink silk and chiffon, were much admired. From Owen Sound, Miss Milburn in cream lustré and pink roses; Miss Saunders, in red silk, and Miss Wood, in pink silk, were equally lovely. Miss McLeod of Ripley was dressed in black and pink silk; Miss Williamson of Tara, green silk and pink crepon; Mrs. Morlock of Guelph, in black moire and jet; Miss Steadman of Seaford in cream silk, with crimson roses. Of the Warton ladies, Miss Docie Dinmore looked charming in white lustré and lace, as did also Miss M. Trotter in white lustré; the Misses Robinson were much

admired—Miss Howard in yellow silk and jet, and Miss Minnie in cream crepon with crimson roses. Two pretty gowns were worn by the Misses Jones—Miss Lucy, in dove colored silk with steel trimmings, and Miss Sarah in Nile green silk and cream lace; Miss M. Vickers, in white Swiss muslin and chrysanthemums, and Miss Livingstone, in cream crepon and silk with crimson roses, were much admired. Miss Ely wore a beautiful gown of Nile green bengaline silk, and Miss Wood, cream crepon; Miss Annie Symon was in Nile green silk, and Miss Kate Symon in cream crepon was a sweet and dainty figure; Miss Birdie Vickers looked her loveliest in yellow

silk and white roses. Others who looked well in handsome gowns were: Mrs. G. P. Ames, Miss Wood, Miss Sudden, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. W. Sadleir, Mrs. L. Sadleir, Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Ely, Mrs. Dinmore, Mrs. J. Symon, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Alderson. The gentlemen were: From Owen Sound—Messrs. J. Cameron, M. Griffin, C. Cameron, J. McLaughlin, W. Brown, H. Holmes and E. Tucker. Chelley—Messrs. Kyte and Blue. Paisley—Mr. Black, Toronto—Mr. Weir, Guelph—Messrs. J. G. and L. Morlock, Hepworth—Mr. Murphy, Stratford—Mr. B. H. V. S. Cooper, Warton—Messrs. C. Miers, T. Sharman, J. Davies, G. Kastner, J. J. McKay, J. Cameron, M. McNeill, C. and W. Jones, W. Sadleir, L. Sadleir, E. Ely, L. M. Ely, J. Symon, H. Bins, J. Lane, L. Johns, D. McDonald, W. Manley, G. F. Ames, J. McCarthy, A. Megraw, J. Johns, and A. C. Elliott.

## H. E. CLARKE &amp; CO.



## The Dress Suit Case

When intending to be away from home for two or three days and requiring to have a dress suit with you, the above illustrated case will be found the most desirable. We carry a large stock of them at all prices and sizes.

Purses, Card Cases, Dressing Cases, Pocket Books and all kinds of Leather Goods, our own make and imported in endless variety.

105 King St. West  
Special400 Pairs Real Scotch  
Turcoman Curtains

LIGHT COLORS AND NEWEST DESIGNS

Orchid, Tulip and Persian

Without fringe (for windows)... \$ 9.50 per pair Usual Price  
With heavy fringe top and bot-  
tom (for portieres)..... 10.50 " " \$15.00 Per Pair

These goods are infinitely superior to any Chenille curtains in the market; are to be seen nowhere else in Canada, and are worthy the attention of keenest buyers.

INSPECTION SOLICITED

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. 34 King Street West  
TORONTO

Brainerd & Armstrong's  
PATENT SKEIN SILK  
HOLDER  
INVALUABLE TO USERS OF  
FILO AND FLOSS SILKS  
FOR WASH SILKS

What leading Art Embroiderers say of our NEW PATENT HOLDER:

I cannot refrain from telling you how much attached I am to your Silks, and how very delightful it is to use them from the New Patent Holder.

MRS. C. M. TENBLIN  
837 3rd Street,  
Louisville, Ky.

I think the Holder a magnificent improvement. I use your Silks constantly for my

work, and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep them.

MISS JOSIE JONES  
752 N. Ninth Street,  
Philadelphia.

Your New Skein Holder is a great help and convenience.

SARAH A. DREW,  
Bethel, Maine.

Allow me to say you have done the ladies a great favor, which I think all will appreciate

by enclosing your Silks in the Cases, I certainly do.

MRS. N. B. DONALDSON,  
Harrisburg, Pa.

I am much pleased with the New Holders you are using for your Wash Silks. They are a great success.

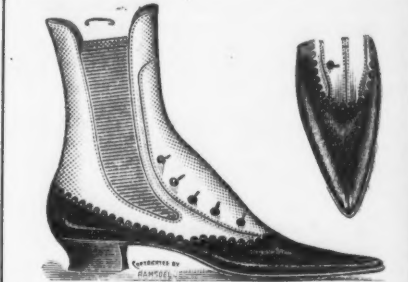
MRS. BELLA F. HORTON,  
Pawtucket,  
Rhode Island.

## DIRECTIONS

FOR USING THE

New Skein Holder

Cut the skein through and through, at the tag end, and cut off the knot; then pull a single thread, as shown in the cut. If a double length needleful is required, cut through knotted part of skein only, and then pull loop at same end.



W. L. WALLACE, 110 Yonge St.

HAS A FULL RANGE OF  
Tan and Black Skating Boots for Gents, Ladies  
and Misses  
All New Goods and New Styles.

## We Believe

THAT OUR

## Razor Toe Boots

For Ladies and Gents are the most comfortable narrow toe goods on the market. They look well and we guarantee them to wear well.

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd.

70 King Street East

The Best Thing Under Foot  
is a Boot  
Blachford's

We have just received a new stock of  
Hockey Boots and Skating Boots  
in Black and Tan. Superb in  
shape and exquisite in fit.  
Ice Creepers, Rubbers, Over-  
shoes and Overgaiters of the very  
best.

83 to 85

King Street East

Toronto

## CHINA HALL

Established 1864

## Glass Tableware

12 Patterns (open stock) to select from

...ORDERS FOR MATCHINGS...

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets  
Glass, &c.JUNOR & IRVING 49 King St. East  
TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Deaths.

STROWGER—On Feb. 10, at 111 D'Arcy street, the wife of  
Mr. Fred Strowger—a daughter.  
RAIKES—Feb. 12 Mrs. Harry Rakes—a son.  
MILLMAN—Feb. 15 Mrs. W. H. Millman—a daughter.  
WILTSHIRE—Feb. 10 Mrs. H. Wiltshire—a son.  
SMITH—Feb. 15 Mrs. J. R. Smith—a son.  
MCGAGGART—Feb. 25, Mrs. G. D. McGaggart—a daughter.

Marriages.

HOLLINRAKE—SHORE—Feb. 16, Henry J. Hollinrake to  
Catherine Shore.  
STRATHY—RICHIEY—Feb. 13, Charles Wilmet Strathy to  
Helen Mary Richiey.  
CHRISTIE—LEE—Feb. 20, R. J. Christie to Emma Louise  
Lee.

Deaths.

MORTON—Feb. 17, Dr. George Morton, aged 72.  
MURRAY—Feb. 15, Isabelle Miller Murray, aged 77.  
OSLER—Feb. 16, Rev. F. L. Osler, aged 89.  
ZAGRAM—Feb. 15, John Zagaram, aged 80.  
BARR—Feb. 15, Lizzy Barr.  
LAWES—Feb. 16, Agnes B. Lawes, aged 49.  
BALDWIN—Feb. 13, Frances J. Baldwin.  
WEBSTER—Feb. 14, Iola Webster, aged 35.  
MONAHAN—Feb. 13, John S. Monahan, aged 43.  
GORDON—Feb. 18, Martha Gordon, aged 27.  
MILLS—Feb. 15, Elmore Mills, aged 36.

DR. G. L. BALL

DENTIST  
Following dissolution of partnership, remains in Dr. Hip-  
kins' late office, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

...IT IS...

## WORTH KNOWING

THAT A

CANADIAN  
PACIFIC RY.

## Tourist Car

LEAVES TORONTO

EVERY

FRIDAY

AT 12.20 P.M. (NOON)

For the PACIFIC COAST, via North

Read "WHAT IS A TOURIST CAR," free on applica-  
tion to any agent.

FRENCH MAIL LINE

GRAND WINTER EXCURSION

TO THE

Mediterranean, the Orient and the Holy Land

Express Steamer La Touraine leaves New York February

6th. Write or call for full particulars.

R. M. MELVILLE,  
Next General P. O., Toronto.

A. FORGET, General Agent, New York.

## REDUCED



## PURE &amp; SURE

THE FAMOUS  
Old Port Wine

"STANDS WITHOUT A PEER"

On sale at Mohle & Co.'s, J. C. Moor's, Lookhart & Co.'s,  
G. W. Cooley's, J. H. George's and F. Gilles'. Wholesale—  
Adams & Burns and Elborn & Carpenter.

H. CORBY, Agent



Royal Military College of Canada.

## INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetships in the  
Royal Military College will take place at the Head  
Quarters of the several Military Districts in which candi-  
dates reside, in June each year.

In addition to the facilities the College affords for an  
education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction  
is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and  
sound training in all departments which are essential to a  
high and general military education.

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough  
in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.  
The course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead  
towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service,  
and other departments of applied science.

The Obligatory Course of Surveying includes what is  
laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion  
Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the  
higher subjects required for the degree of Dominion  
Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also  
taught.

Length of Course four years.

Four Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are  
awarded annually.

Board and instruction \$200, for each term, consisting of  
ten months' residence.

For further information apply to the Adjutant General  
of Militia, Ottawa, before 15th May.

Department of Militia and Defence,  
1895.